

ELMWOOD SCHOOL



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For Not To Be Taken
From the Room
reference

SAMARA

1968



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT, ENDEAVOURS'S ALL"

—Browning

ELMWOOD

SAMARA

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1967-1968



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT: ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"
-Browning

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SAMARA COMMITTEE



Standing: Frances Wilson, Kathy Mulock, Nancy Gale, Cathy Maclaren. Seated: Mrs. Blyth.

SAMARA STAFF

EDITOR - Cathy Maclaren
LITERARY EDITOR - Kathy Mulock
ILLUSTRATIONS - Dawn Harwood - Jones

ASSISTANT EDITOR - Nancy Gale
ART EDITOR - Frances Wilson

HELPERS: Dawn Harwood-Jones, Julia Berger, Frances Cochran, Jenny Bagnall, Debby Grills, Sue Massey, Caroline Davies.

STAFF ADVISORS: Mrs. J. Whitwill, Mrs. G. Aldous.

EDITORIAL

The year has seen many new faces and the Grade 13 class and its co-ordination with Ashbury has proved to be a great success. The fall brought with it a trip to Stratford and Expo '67, as well as the many French plays Mrs. Ross so kindly took us to throughout the year. The dances proved that Elmwood's spirit is as high as it ever was, and the formal was again a great success, thanks partly to Miss Carter's patience and time in teaching us the graces of ballroom dancing. The second term initiated the idea of "The Smug Minority" in which the prefects from grades Twelve and Thirteen decided to organize a Spirit Week. The week gave all officers a chance to prove that they are not really as hard and as humourless as most people had formerly thought. Prefects were bullied and humiliated on Slave Day by their "masters" - yet it was all in good fun and (somehow) at the end of it all everyone managed to come out smiling. The week closed with a rousing hootenanny and indeed Spirit Week made the long winter months look a great deal brighter. Election fever got into everyone's blood as many students gave their heart and soul to their liberal and conservative leadership candidates. The Gilbert and Sullivan production of "H.M.S. Pinafore" again proved that the bass of Ashbury and the soprano of Elmwood can be extremely entertaining. Again this year Elmwood gave tremendous support in the Oxfam March, and despite some very sore muscles after it was all over, the girls had given a great deal to those less fortunate than themselves. Charity speeches were more convincing than ever and this year we supported the CNIB, The Unitarian Service Committee, and the Angel of Mercy. Sui Sang, our adopted son in Hong Kong, has been well looked after, and the "meager meals" have helped give us a better idea of the conditions that over half the world face daily.

Sportswise, Elmwood's Ski Team placed second in the city's inter-high school ski meet. Scholastically, our "Reach for the Top" team was victorious over Ashbury - even though Lisgar managed to defeat our morale somewhat. Despite the ups and downs of the academic year, the final results proved that the guidance and teachings of Mrs. Blyth and our excellent staff can truly make education an enjoyable experience.

It has been a pleasure and rewarding experience this year for me as editor of the "Samara". For many of you there will probably be memories of my hounding you after prayers and my desperate pleas for the cause of advertising. My sincerest thanks go now to all those who helped make "Samara 1968" possible - to Mrs. Aldous, Mr. Lang, Mr. Godfrey, Kathy, Nancy, Fran, and any who helped me so invaluable after hours with those endless typing assignments and layout patterns. If one asked me for a piece of advice in which to forward next year's editor on with her task, it would be: "Learn how to Type!" My two index fingers will probably never be the same.

To those leaving Elmwood this year it is my hope that "Samara '68" will help you keep the many fond memories of your graduation year. After the many hours bending over the typewriter for the creation of this yearbook, I must take one small liberty in the rephrasing of our school motto - the last request of those who laboured with me:

"Endeavour's naught, success is all!"

CATHY MACLAREN





Susan Cohen: SENIOR PREFECT, Lucille Hodgins: HEAD GIRL, Mrs. Blyth: HEAD-MISTRESS.



PREFECTS

Back Row: Joy Wallingford, Nancy Casselman, Jane Blyth, Marg Armitage, Cathy Mac laren, Paula Lawrence, Kim Walker.

Middle Row: Marg Thomas, Dawn Harwood-Jones, Trish Wilgress, Margo Frigon, Moira Phillips, Janet Hughson, Jane Archambault.

Front Row: Kathy Rothwell, Sue Cohen, Lu Hodgins, Beverley Erlandson, Jennifer Heintzman.

STAFF



Back Row: Darlene Coyle, Mrs. Micklethwaite, Mrs. LeGal, Mrs. Harwood-Jones, Mrs. Aldous, Mrs. Grills, Mrs. John, Mrs. Earle, Wilma Earle.
Front Row: Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Carter, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Whitwill, Miss Black, Mrs. Blyth, Mrs. MacMillan, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Routliffe, Miss Bronson.
Absent: Mrs. Tanczyk, Mrs. Edna Sims.



THE VALEDICTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1968

Distinguished guests, the Board of Governors, Mrs. Blyth, members of the Staff, Girls of Elmwood, Ladies and Gentlemen;

It is my honour and privilege to have been chosen to deliver the valedictory for the class of '68.

In number, we of the class of '68, are twenty-two. In age, we range from middle to late teens. Our interests vary to a high degree in both our preferred academic subjects and scholastic goals as in our extracurricular pursuits, which over the year have ranged from modern dancing to lugging.

As a class, indeed, we have many differences and divergences; but there is one point that we are all united in - that is our love, respect, and pride for Elmwood, our school. Whether a girl has been a student at Elmwood for one year or up to seven years, I have no doubt that in all cases this point holds true.

It is very difficult to express in words what Elmwood means to an Elmwood girl, especially what it means today, to a girl in the graduating class. Of course it means to all of us studying, homework tests, exams but it also symbolises daffodils and elm trees, prayers each morning at 9:00, a school song and a school motto, the three Houses of Keller, Fry, and Nightingale each with their own mottos, their own ideals. One cannot forget the Prefects, the monitors, the black stars and the red; but, too, there are the Hallowe'en parties, dances, and closings, the countless moments of happiness and achievement that have become commonplace at Elmwood.

This year has been a transition year due to the addition of Grade 13 to the curriculum. We have also had for the first time Ashbury boys present in both our French and Math classes. To bridge the disciplinary gap caused by the absence of Grade 13 Prefects at vital times during the school day, Prefects this year have also been chosen from Grade 12. At times the year has been trying and difficult but I

believe the transition has been successfully made. We of 6U have enjoyed Grade 13 at Elmwood in every aspect and give our best wishes to the students of next year.

On behalf of the graduating class I would like to thank Mrs. Blyth and the members of the staff for the guidance they have offered us over the years. A special thanks to Mrs. Whitwill, our form mistress, for her kindness to us this year. As Head Girl I would like to thank the nineteen girls that have been Prefects this year, for their co-operation and valuable assistance; especially I would like to thank Sue Cohen, my Senior Prefect, and Bev Erlandson, who took charge of prayers in my absence. Lastly, I would like to thank every Elmwood girl, for each in her own way has helped to make the year a success.

Graduation to many is a time of sadness because it marks an end to one phase of our lives and signifies the beginning of another. But I believe that graduation should hold promise. Its latin root means step-graduation should be a step forward.

Next year most of us will be attending university, art school, or nursing school to pursue our chosen fields. From this day on we will be referred to as Old Girls. As a former valedictorian has stated: "This is the day that the graduating girl realizes that never again will she freeze with Elmwood in the winter or swelter with Elmwood in tunics in the summer."

Yes, today, we of the graduating class are taking a step forward into the future. What lies ahead of us we do not know but we must be eager to hear and answer the challenge of tomorrow and we will meet it if we always carry with us our school motto of Summa Summarum - highest of the high.

LUCILLE HODGINS

Head Girl

GRADUATES

67-68



LUCILLE HODGINS

HEAD GIRL

"Never measure the height of a mountain,
until you have reached the top."

Elmwood has been very fortunate in having Lu as its very competent mainstay as Head Girl for two years. Lu was a member of our Reach for the Top team and of the Central Student's Council. Much as we hate to see her go, Lu must be off to McGill next year, and with her we send our best wishes for continuing success.

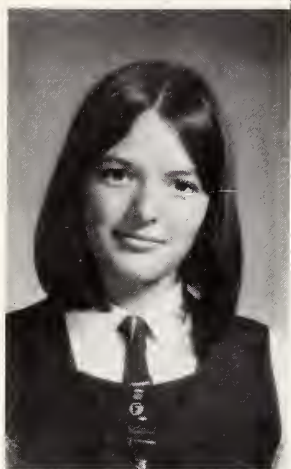


SUSAN COHEN

SENIOR PREFECT

"Wrinkles should merely indicate
where smiles have been."

Elmwood's sparkling Senior Prefect for two years, Sue was also a member of the Central Students Council. She hopes to go to York University in the fall. Best wishes for your future success and happiness Sue!



BEVERLEY ERLANDSON

HEAD OF FRY

"I can resist everything
but temptation."

Her second year at the helm of Fry, Bev was also the leading lady of H.M.S. Pinafore and managed to be active on the sports scene at the same time. She is going to Ryerson in Toronto next year to grace their dramatics course. Good luck Bev!

KATHY ROTHWELL

HEAD OF NIGHTINGALE

"Happiness -
a wine of rarest vintage"

Kathy has been Nightingale's happy House Head for two years and hopes to go on next year to Trent, or Carleton, - or Rome! Wherever you go our best wishes go with you Kathy!



JENNIFER HEINTZMAN

HEAD OF KELLER

"O Tempora. O Mores! "

This is Jeff's fourth Elmwoodian year, second of prefecting and first of house leading. She was also active in sports this year and won the badminton doubles with Nancy.

'May the good fairy swiggle your symbol' at Trent next year!



JANE ARCHAMBAULT

PREFECT

ONTARIO SCHOLAR

"Burdens become less
when cheerfully borne."

Jane has contributed eight years of unlagging energy to Elmwood. She is going to Queen's next year - best of luck Jane!

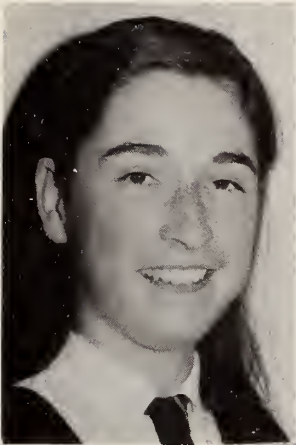


NANCY CASSELMAN

PREFECT

"In Paris they simply opened their eyes and stared when we spoke to them in French. We never did succeed in making those idiots understand their own language! "

Nancy, at Elmwood for five years, has been a Keller prefect for two, and still was tough competition on the badminton courts. Nancy is taking her wit and gentle charm to New York next year where she will be displaying her talents at Parson's School of Design. Best of luck Nancy! "



MARGO FRIGON

PREFECT

ONTARIO SCHOLAR

"In character, in manners, in style, in all things,
the supreme excellence is simplicity."

Margo, a member of Nightingale for three years, is off to Trent next year. Best of luck Margo!





MARG THOMAS

PREFECT

ONTARIO AND TRENT SCHOLARSHIPS

"How can she talk so much
and still have time to think? "

Marg has been, for two successful years, a Fry prefect and a member of Elmwood's "Reach for the Top" team. Marg is off to Trent next year to attain the fulfillment of her dreams - to be an English teacher. Good luck Marg!

KIM WALKER

ONTARIO SCHOLAR

PREFECT AND FLAG RAISER

"What I tell you three times is true."

We were happy to welcome Kim to the Prefect's ranks this year. As well, our flag raiser was a member of the "Reach for the Top" team, and boosted Keller's sports teams. Kim's whims brought greatly appreciated comic relief to the rest of hard-working 6 Upper this year. Kim is off for a year in Europe and our (envious) thoughts go with her.



DIANE BABBITT

"The unspoken word
never does harm."

Di was another import this year and a member of Nightingale. She is off to Carleton next year and our best wishes go with her.



MARG BAGNALL

"Life is what you make it."

Marg, a member of our "Reach for the Top" team, has been a delightful addition to Elmwood for two years. She plans to take a year off before braving university, to delve into the finer things of life - learning to speak French being one of them! Our best wishes go with you Marg!



JOAN BRODIE

"Life is a pure flame and we live it by the invisible flame within us."

Joan, a member of Nightingale, has been a great addition to art classes for two years. She is off to Sir George Williams next and our best goes with her.

FELICITY DON

"She only opens her mouth to change feet."

Flick, who came to us this year, was a member of Fry and the Elmwood Ski Team. We wish her luck as she goes on to cultivate her artistic talents at Commerce this fall.





MARY-JANE FINLAYSON

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
or what's a heaven for? "

Mary-Jane, a Kellerite, and a member of the Elmwood Ski Team, brought her boisterous laugh to us this year. Next year will find her at Loyola, - or lugging in Austria? Wherever you go, best of luck Finn, and keep laughing!

PEGGY HARCOURT

"Better to wear out
than to rust out! "

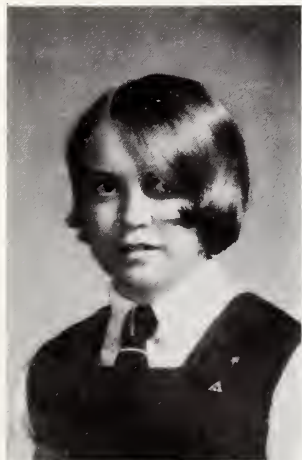
Peggy, a Kellerite, was another import this year who worked hard and never stopped smiling. She is off to Queen's next year. Good luck Peggy!



PHYLLIS KERR

"The cheerful live longest in years,
and afterwards in our regards
cheerfulness is the offshoot of goodness."

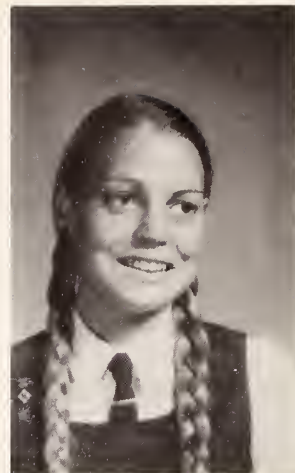
Phyllis, a member of Nightingale, was another newcomer this year. She is off to Western this fall for Secretarial Science, and then to unknown broad horizons. Our best wishes go with you Phyl!



CYNTHIA MAGEE

"She went into the garden to pick a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie."

Cinny, a Kellerite, has been with us for two years. Despite a many-bruised head after numerous catastrophies, she still manages to be our literary genius. Cinny is planning on York or Trent next year and our very best goes with her.



SUSAN McNICOLL

"Loneliness and solitude are quite different - one is defeat, the other, victory."

Sue, a member of Fry House for three years, has pitted her energies into drama and sports, with success in both. She is planning on Ryerson or Trent next year. Good luck Sue!

CHRISTY MORRIS

"Believe me, there is nothing, absolutely nothing half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats."

Christy, a member of Keller, has been an invaluable addition to Elmwood for two years. She wants to go into nursing - provided her sail boat doesn't lure her to distant reaches first. All the best Christy!





MARIA SPARKS

"To try everything once."

Maria, another new addition this year, was a member of Elmwood's ski team and Fry House. She is off to Carleton next year for Psychology. Best of luck Maria!

SUSAN WILLIAMSON

"She talked on forever,
and you wished her to talk on forever."

Sue, a Kellerite, and her magnificent sense of humour, has been with us for two years and will be greatly missed. Sue is going to Ottawa Teacher's College next year and we wish her every success.



FORM 6U

Back Row: Maria Sparks, Sue McNicoll, Mary-Jane Finlayson, Margaret Bagnall, Kim Walker, Felicity Don, Joan Brodie.

Middle Row: Christy Morris, Diane Babbitt, Lu Hodgins, Jeff Heintzman, Nancy Casselman, Phyllis Kerr, Peggy Harcourt.

Front Row: Marg Thomas, Jane Archambault, Margo Frigon, Mrs. Whitwill, Bev Erlandson, Sue Cohen, Kathy Rothwell.

Absent: Sue Williamson, Cynthia Magee.

FORM 6M



Back Row: Kathi Gray, Paula Lawrence, Jane Blyth, Margaret Armitage, Cathy Maclaren, Cynthia Maynard.
 Middle Row: Dawn Harwood-Jones, Janet Hughson, Joy Wallingford, Moira Phillips, Trish Wilgress, Caroline Davies.
 Front Row: Christie Ault, Elizabeth Tanczyk, Rosemary Don, Mrs. MacMillan, Chris Deeble, Evva Massey, Alix Young.
 Absent: Angela Andras.





Would you believe 6 Matric? !

Camera Shy: Vicky Nicholson, Angie Andras, Marg Armitage.

FORM 5A

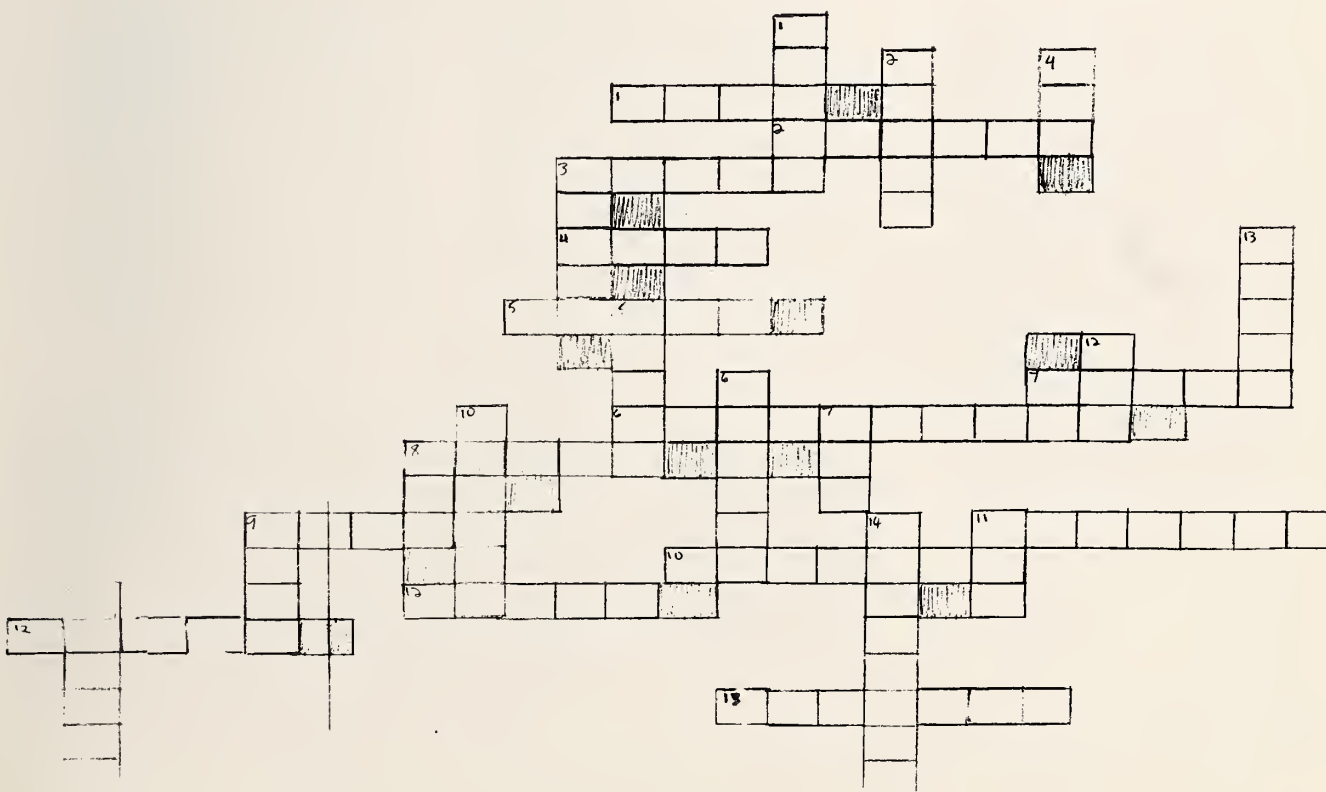


Back Row: Martha Scott, Julia Berger, Kathy Mulock, Lynn Carr-Harris, Cathy Cuthbert, Jennifer Bagnall, Deborah Hunter.

Middle Row: Mary-Margaret Southcott, Kathy Baldwin, Christa Uhrenbacker, Xandy Smith, Judy Patton, Frances Wilson, Charlotte Sinclair, Deborah Smith, Wanda Turner, Nancy Gale, Caroline Don, Deirdre O'Brien.

Front Row: Barbara Thomas, Elizabeth Greenberg, Judy Levine, Mrs. Ross, Penny Parker, Susan Massey, Martha Pimm.

Absent: Kerry O'Brien.



5A FORM NOTES

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

DOWN:

- 1) I got a new guitar
- 2) Naturally, silence is golden
- 3) My brother David
- 4) While we live in houses, she lives in Towers
- 5) If you need a friend
- 6) "It's in pound"
- 7) Our pet Lizard
- 8) "I have pretty blue eyes"
- 9) Home in the sun
- 10) A patch of black and blue
- 11) The flower of our class
- 12) Dylis O'Biller
- 13) From 36 to 28
- 14) Our scripture expert

ACROSS:

- 1) A FRANTastic student
- 2) The better half
- 3) Miss Carter's kindred spirit
- 4) Six foot two and still growing
- 5) Parlez-vous francais?
- 6) Who else gets 99⁰/o in maths?
- 7) Our lucky copper
- 8) "It's too cold to walk home! "
- 9) Connections in New York
- 10) This month our foster son received 23 cans of peanut oil
- 11) Our quiet trilinguist
- 12) Well-informed library
- 13) The "Deux Chevaux"



FORM 5B



Back Row: Jane White, Janet Stubbins, Norma Smith, Jennifer Smart, Frieda Lockhart, Deborah Grills, Markie Cochran, Margie Guthrie, Jacqueline Heard.

Front Row: Mary Garrett, Vicky Wilgress, Theresa Pettet, Miss Carter, Frances Cochran, Jennifer Coyne, Shelly Arron.

Absent: Susan Michelson, Linda Holt.



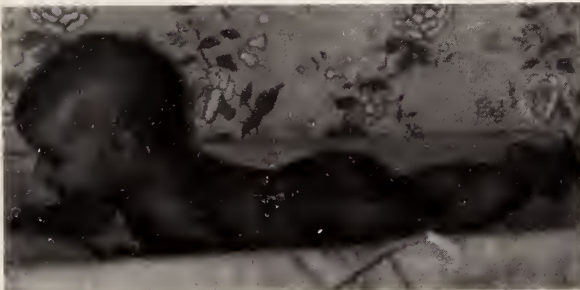
"Sock it to me." F.C.



"Watch it you guys - I'm fragile!" S.A.



"Heh-heh, nice table!" J.D.



"I hope I'm getting paid for this." D.G.



"Is this really necessary" M.Ga.

Missing: Theresa Pettet, Markie Cochran.



"How can I say cheese with my mouth full?" S.M.



"Wouldn't a Dow go good now?" N.S.



"Mini skirts are 'in' this year." L.H.



"Well how about it honey?" J.Sm.



"Oh not another boring evening with the boys!" J.C.



V.W.



"Aren't I killing?" J.St.



"Look Ma - no cavities!" J.H.



"Wanna see my dead frog?" J.W.



"Hold it I've got a fly in my eye." M.Gu.



"Highland fling anyone?" F.L.

FORM 5C



Back Row: Nancy King, Halina Jeletzky, Janet Urie, Patricia Mullen, Mary-Pat Curran, Sally Gale, Beatrice Hampson.

Middle Row: Ingrid Sorenson, Sarah Whitwill, Ingeborg Uhrenbacher, Marissa Goebbels, Diana Magee, Christine Haase.

Front Row: Deborah Coyne, Lynne Sampson, Elizabeth Roberts, Mrs. Campbell, Cynthia Coffin, Jane Ginsberg, Judy Williams.

Absent: Barbara Nichols.

5C FORM NOTES

NICKNAME	PROBABLE DESTINATION	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
"Sweets" Coffin	French linguist	"Hi people"
"Dopey" Coyne	Mrs. Blyth's office	"Acid and Cardinal Wolsey"
"Twiggy" Curran	Beatnik	"Peace"
"Sals" Gale	GO-GO girl	"Oh-no! , Oh-no! "
"Twiggy" Ginsberg	Janie's food store	"Gi! me a bite"
"Gobble-up" Goebbels	Playboy bunny	"Oh Beertris"
"Gabby" Haase	Laying cables for Bell telephone	"Ya know"
"Mrs. Beasley" Hamson	Garbage Collector	"I failed that test! "
"Oscar" Jeletsky	Blonde watcher	"I don't know"
"Natashna" King	Monkee fan	"Have you heard the latest? "
"Maggie Muggans" Magee	Pro football player	"You hash"
"Mike" Mullen	Miss World 1969	"Oh I can hardly wait! "
"Barbarian" Nichols	Providing the world with a gold 5¢ piece	
"Lizard" Roberts	Beatle	"Dearie"
"Sammy" Sampson	doc	"old girl"
"Griddy" Sorenson	Nurse	"O boy! "
"Inge" Uhrenbacher	Latin prof	"Aber Ehreich" (OTruly)
"Squirrel" Urie	Science teacher	"Rest up"
"Auntie Terra" Whitwill	Washerwoman	"Oh Shoot! "
"Ju-Jubes" Williams	Assistant to Mrs. John	"Gee Whiz! "

FORM 4A



Back Row: Vanda Steer, Maggie Hinkson, Anne Cooke, Lesslie Ross, Carol Damp, Patsy Derrick, Jane Nicholls.

Middle Row: Sally Sutton, Alice Brodie, M.E. Snelgrove, Debby Peterson, Gwendy Morris, Elizabeth Bell, Alison Corder, Isabel Douglas.

Front Row: Patricia Warnock, Sonia Topelko, Shareen Marland, Miss Black, Patricia Lynch-Staunton, Charlotte Corder, Deirdre Butler.

4A FORM NOTES

With two CORDERS and three NICHOLLS in his DAMP pocket, LEROY walked into the house. The BUTLER came up to him and said, "I am going to LYNCH-STAUTON because he murdered the COOKE.

LEROY left the building and ran to a SNELGROVE of DOUGLAS fir trees where he SUTTON a STEER and tapped out a message in MORRIS code using a BELL.

Suddenly LEROY noticed a WARNOCK (a monster) rushing at him. The monster chased him around a DERRICK and across the border to the U.S. state of MARLAND?

Later, TOPELKO and HINKSON BRODIED over the fact that the WARNOCK died of exhaustion. Two boys, ROSS and PETERSON gave the monster a BLACK funeral.

YOUR WISH

Had you Aladin's lamp today,
Or a magic wishing ring,
That you could rub a little bit
And get most anything,
You would not wish that you were kings
Or multi-millionaires - - -
You would wish for friends like us
Around you everywhere!

FORM 4B



Back Row: Sarah Cooper, Valentia Scarabelli, Jane Bell, Cathy Ginsberg, Shane O'Brien, Tauny Nixon, Viviane Templeton, Cathy Ashton, Talitha Fabricius, Clare Heath, Stephanie Turner-Davis.

Front Row: Monica Dunn, Anna Berlis, Alison Schofield, Mrs. Routliffe, Lynn Petrie, Penny Reed, Gillian Briscoe.

Absent: Nicola Sims.

4B FORM NOTES

HAPPINESS IS TO:

Cathy Ashton: Junior lunch.

Jane Bell: when confirmation classes come.

Anna Berlis: when she's with Elisa.

Gillian Briscoe: when she gets 100 in French

Sarah Cooper: when she can make a paper doll's.

Monica Dunn: when she's with Miss Carter.

Talitha Fabricius: when she's up a tree;

Cathy Ginsberg: when she understands her assignments for Miss Black.

Clare Heath: when she can keep Britain out of trouble.

Tauny Nixon: between detentions.

Shane O'Brian: when she's with Tanny.

Lynn Petrie: when she's had three helpings of desert.

Penny Reed: when Tuck's free.

Valentia Scarabelli: when she's with the bus-driver.

Alison Schofield: when she discovers "curef ee".

Viviane Templeton: when the forms notes aren't lost.

Nicola Sims: when she jumps three feet six inches (in high jumping).

Stephanie Turner-Davis: when she hasn't had a fight with Cathy Ashton.

Mrs. Routliffe: when they've all gone home.

FORM 4C AND 3A



Back Row: Jacqueline Reynolds, Luziah Ismail, Janis Robertson, Georgina Mundy.
Front Row: Sandra Kovachic, Ranjana Basu, Miss Bronson, Cathy Moore, Barbara Coyne.
Absent: Christina Cole.

4C AND 3A FORM NOTES

BARBARA COYNE: I am ten years old and in grade six. My short hair makes me look a bit like a boy, but I don't mind much. My favourite subjects are Spelling, Scripture, and Math. I have two sisters at Elmwood.

SANDRA KOVACHIC: I am ten years old and have short blonde hair and blue eyes. I like following Ranjana. I have a white cat. There is a huge field at the back of my house. I am in grade six.

JACQUELINE REYNOLDS: I am twelve and have short hair. I have a silly cat that likes to play. My favourite subject is Spelling. I am now in grade six. My middle name is Francoise which is a French name.

RANJANA BASU: I am nine years old and have dark brown eyes and black hair. I love birds and have a bird of my own. I can be very naughty sometimes.

CHRISTINA COLE: I am nine and a half, have long braids, and have a dog. I can laugh till I am pink and my friends

call me "the Giggler." My favourite subject is Spelling and I am in grade five.

CATHY MOORE: I will be ten years old on March 25, and have blue eyes and blonde hair that is down to my shoulders. My nickname is Coothy but I like to be called Victoria or Ann.

GEORGINA MUNDY: I am ten years old. I have blonde hair and two dogs. I live on a farm. My favourite subject is Spelling and I am in grade five.

JANIS ROBERTSON: I have blonde hair. I love dogs, cats, horses, and bears. I live on Rothwell Drive beside the N.R.C. I am 4 feet and 11 1/2 inches high.

SARAH NICHOL: I am 10 1/2 years old and my birthday is on August the 21st. I have light brown hair and hazel eyes. I live at 124 Springfield Road.

LUZIAH ISMAEL: I am twelve years old and my birthday is December 27. My home is in Malaysia. I have black hair and brown eyes. I like horses and am in grade six.

FORM 3B



Mrs. Macdonald, Deirdre O'Driscoll, Rhoda Hanafi, Sheila McIlwraith.

3B FORM NOTES

Although we are three,
In good ol' 3B,
We're as happy as happy
As happy can be.

Rhoda, and Sheila, and Deirdre are we,
Together again next year we will be.
We'll work and we'll play and be happy and gay.
And Elmwood forever shall stay this way.

FRY HOUSE



Back Row: Margaret Armitage, Sue McNicoll, Patsy Derrick, Debby Grills, Margaret Bagnall, Jenny Bagnall, Fran Wilson, Debby Hunter, Anne Cooke, Charlotte Sinclair, Alison Schofield, Maggie Hinkson, Margaret Thomas.

Third Row: Trish Wilgress, Cathy Maclaren, Jane Bell, Mary-Margaret Southcott, Caroline Don, Norma Smith, Gillian Briscoe, Vanda Steer, Caroline Davies, Rosemary Don, Felicity Don, Jane White, Patricia Warnock, Jane Archambault.

Second Row: Debby Coyne, Sally Sutton, Alix Young, Judy Levine, Maria Sparks, Ingrid Sorenson, Janet Stubbins, Barb Thomas, Jackie Heard, Sarah Whitwill, Shane O'Brien, Jennifer Coyne, Liz Greenberg, Talitha Fabricius.

Front Row: Rhoda Hanafi, Sandra Kovachic, Barbara Coyne, Susan Cohen, Beverley Erlandson (House Head), Paula Lawrence (Vice Head), Cathy Moore, Ranjana Basu, Deirdre O'Driscoll.

Absent: Christina Cole.

FRY HOUSE NOTES

"FRIENDSHIP TO ALL"

Dear Fry,

Perhaps the hardest job of a house head is saying good-bye at the end of the year. It is especially hard this year because I have had more than the usual time to know you better. A transition year is not easy for anybody, but despite our hardships, like knitting afghans and bringing charity money, we have won the cup - again! Without your spirit we would never have done it.

I would like to give a special thank you to Jenny and our house teams for bringing us the Sports Cup. It has been a very long time since Fry's name has been on it and I hope we can keep it there - for a little while at least!

Many thanks to my vice-head Paula, and my Fry prefects for your ideas and assistance. Good luck next year.

You have been an exceptional house in all respects and I shall miss you.

'Ave atque vale', Fry

Love,

Bev

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE

ELMWOOD



Back Row: Phyllis Kerr, Halina Jeletzky, Deirdre O'Brien, Kathi Gray, Lynn Petrie, Lesslie Ross, Cathy Cuthbert, Kathy Mulock, Julia Berger, Martha Scott, Deborah Smith, Joan Brodie, Christa Uhrenbacher.

Third Row: Shelley Arron, Frances Cochran, Liz Tanczyk, Markie Cochran, Beatrice Hampson, Nancy Gale, Sally Gale, Margie Guthrie, Ingaborg Uhrenbacher, Marissa Goebbels, Deirdre Butler.

Second Row: Mary Garrett, Lynne Sampson, Alison Corder, Alice Brodie, Elizabeth Bell, Diane Babbitt, Cynthia Coffin, Monica Dunn, Diana Magee, Gwendy Morris, Vicky Wilgress, Shareen Marland, Cathy Ashton, Jane Ginsberg, Martha Pimm, Judy Williams.

First Row: Stephanie Turner-Davis, Janis Robertson, Dawn Harwood-Jones, Margo Frigon, Kathy Rothwell (House Head), Jane Blyth (Vice Head), Moira Phillips, Clare Heath, Valentia Scarabelli.

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE NOTES

"NOT FOR OURSELVES ALONE"

Dear Nightingale,

For the second time in the years that I have been at Elmwood, and for the first time in Elmwood's years, I am writing to you to say goodbye. I hope that my two years as head of Nightingale, when two years was not the usual length of time, have been as happy for me.

Nightingale is not perhaps the most successful house sportswise, but I think that we had the best spirit of any house, and Nightingalers could be counted on to give their support to anything that was happening at school, whether it was a dance, Slave Day, the Ox-fam March, or any one of the many exciting things that we did this year.

Success at sports may not be our strength, but where enthusiasm and energetic help pay off, Nightingale took the honours - in this case, the house blanket. Mrs. Aldous described it as "the most clever, most cuddly, and most comfortable," and I must agree.

Without the help of my 'nice-vice', Jane, and my other enthusiastic prefects, Dawn, Margo, Vicky, and Moira (who won the Maynard Sports Cup) the year would not hold as many good memories for me. As it is, I will never forget my two years as Nightingale's house head, and I hope that if you remember me in years to come, it is with the same joy that I remember you.

Love,
Kathy

KELLER HOUSE



Back Row: Wanda Turner, Penny Reed, Janet Urie, Jennifer Smart, Mary-Pat Curran, Pat Mullen, Lynn Carr-Harris, Frieda Lockhart, Carol Damp, Cynthia Maynard, Mary-Jane Finlayson, Judy Patton, Xandy Smith.

Third Row: Jacqueline Reynolds, Nancy King, Christine Deeble, Viviane Templeton, Jane Nicholls, Anna Berlis, Kathy Baldwin, Tauny Nixon, Nicola Sims, Evva Massey, Patricia Lynch-Staunton.

Second Row: Sonia Topelko, Elizabeth Roberts, Christy Morris, Debby Peterson, Isabel Douglas, Christine Haase, Luziah Ismail, Penny Parker, M.E. Snelgrove, Theresa Pettet, Susan Massey, Charlotte Corder, Peggy Harcourt, Catherine Ginsberg.

Front Row: Sarah Cooper, Christie Ault, Kim Walker, Joy Wallingford (Vice Head), Jennifer Heintzman (House Head), Nancy Casselman, Janet Hughson, Georgina Mundy, Sheila McIlwraith.

Absent: Linda Holt, Sue Michelson, Angela Andras, Sue Williamson, Cynthia Magee.

KELLER HOUSE NOTES

"FAIR PLAY"

Dear Fair Players,

This has been a wonderful year as your House Head and a rewarding one. Though we didn't make it to the top rung, you never stopped trying and that's what counts. "There are some defeats more triumphant than victories." Our winning streak may not have reached full bloom, but you certainly compensated for that with lots of character! - and an all time high in charity money.

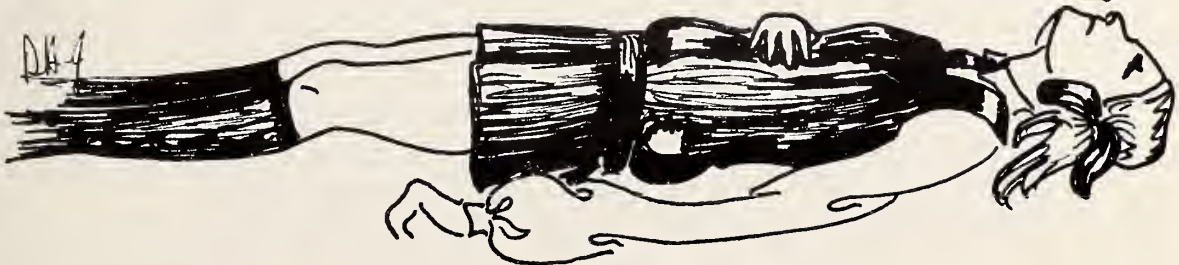
Best of luck to those who are leaving this year, and more of the same to those who are staying behind to fight it out again next year. You have tremendous potential - keep it up.

Love,

Jeff

ACTIVITIES

Z Z Z Z Z Z Z



SUI SANG COMMITTEE



Barb Thomas, Charlotte Sinclair, Sue Massey.

SUI SANG NOTES

Well, Sui Sang may have failed everything again this year, but we by no means failed him. In fact, the school's support was so enthusiastic that next year we may be able to take two foster children, one a little Eskimo or Indian girl, on the same contribution.

This year we started a new tradition at Elmwood. To raise money for Sui Sang we gave one meager meal a term. These made us a total of \$100. and although no one lost weight on the rice and apples, it did help us to appreciate Sui's life.

As usual, we had the Sui Sang bazaar on Sports Day, at which we made \$124, thanks to the support of the school. We also sold food at the Hallowe'en Party. Another project which made money for Sui Sang was the selling of maple syrup candy to the school. We also enlarged a small photo of Sui in an attempt to push him as personality poster material, but this was not as successful as our other ventures.

Many thanks to Charlotte and Sue, the other members of the committee, for their original and enthusiastic ideas. My thanks and Sui Sang's. I am sure, go too to the school for their generous help.

Barb Thomas 5A



FORMAL AND DANCE NOTES

As head of the dance and formal committee, I would like to thank all the girls who helped me with the four dances and then to wind up the social season with the formal. During the year the "Finders Keepers", the "Lollipop Invasion", "The Knaves" and the "Eyes of Dawn" provided the entertainment. The dances were all a great success and well worth the time spent preparing for them.

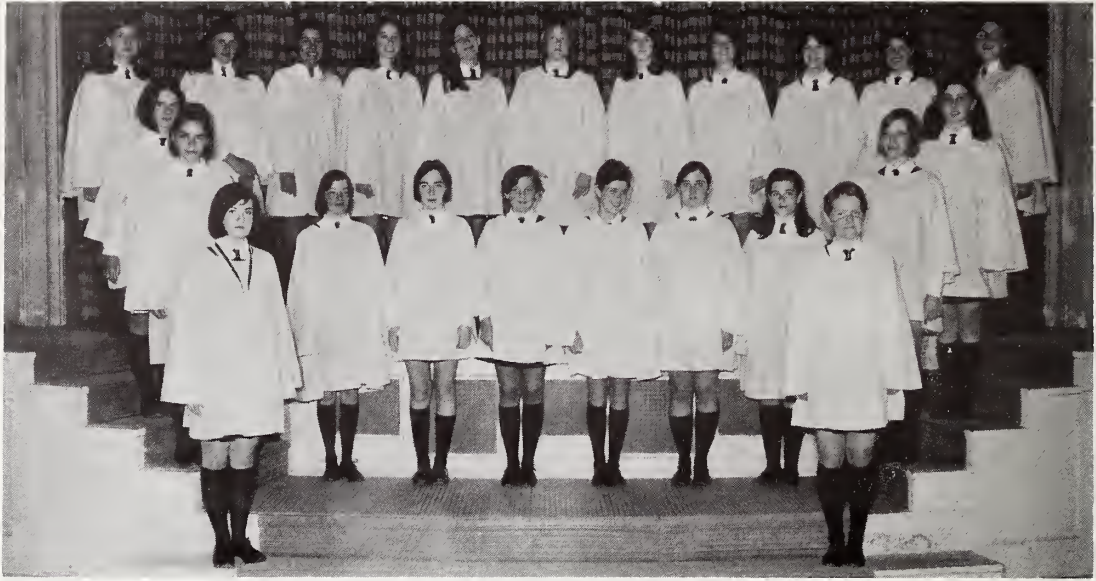
This year the formal was held at The Country Club on March 3, 1968, and the "Ted Walford Orchestra" set the tempo for an evening the graduation class is sure to remember.

Thanks again to Miss Carter who taught us ballroom dancing and Mrs. Koller and Mrs. Aldous for their kind assistance and all the students who helped and supported their school.

Marg Armitage, Head of Dance Committee



SENIOR CHOIR



Back Row: Mary-Margaret Southcott, Beatrice Hampson, Debby Grills, Charlotte Sinclair, Jane Blyth, Frieda Lockhart, Cathy Maclaren, Joy Wallingford, Janet Hughson, Kathy Baldwin, Dawn Harwood-Jones.

Middle Row: Markie Cochran, Marissa Goebbels, Lynne Sampson, Sue Massey, Jennifer Coyne, Vicky Wilgress, Alix Young, Jane Ginsberg, Cindy Coffin, Jackie Heart.

Front: Elizabeth Tanczyk (Choir Monitor), Ingrid Sorenson.

JUNIOR CHOIR



Back Row: Cathy Ginsberg, Isabel Douglas, Alison Corder, Ann Bell, Shane O'Brien, Vanda Steer, Gillian Briscoe, Charlotte Corder, Shareen Marland, Patricia Lynch-Staunton, Deirdre Butler.

Middle Row: Jane Bell, Janis Robertson, Jane Nicholls, Anne Cooke (Choir Monitor), Lesslie Ross, Penny Reed, Monica Dunn, Jacqueline Reynolds, Cathy Moore.

Front Row: Ranjana Basu, Barbara Coyne, Sarah Cooper, Rhoda Hanafi.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE ELMWOOD CHOIR

8:35 Choir practice commences.

“O, God our help in ages past”

(iuro, iurare, iuravi, iuratum)

“Uh . . . mmm . . . years to come.”

(When is that essay due?)

“La, la, la, . . .

(What number is that hymn?)

8:40 The plot thickens.

The singers become more and more absorbed in their Latin books and do not realize that they are finished with the hymn and are now practising the anthem.

8:45 The crisis reaches a disastrous high.

The windows are now thrown open and the fresh morning air (20 degrees farenheit!) is heralded with the beauty of a soaring scale. The terrified squirrels dart for the tree tops while the wet dogs on the other hand cannot resist the temptation to enter the warm buildings via the basement window.

8:50 After the intruding animals have been expelled, the windows irately closed, and the Latin books completely forgotten in the excitement, the bell clangs out a compelling finale.

PHILOSOPHY CLUB

1967-68 has been a most interesting year for the philosophy Club. Early in the year Padre Barnett spoke on Dating and Marriage. From the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, Mr. Tyndale was one of our most interesting speakers. Mr. Howard, from Dominion Chalmers United Church was most amusing and the discussion on “Telling the Truth” was punctuated with lively humour. In our present world of wealth, the realization of the unbelievable poverty, sickness and ignorance of a large part of the world is very necessary. Canon O’Driscoli’s natural style of discussion and oration helped to clearly define some of these problems with a film on “Hunger” as an audio-visual aid.

During this school-year with the kind help of the Blyth Family, Kitchen staff and all others involved Philosophy Club has succeeded in providing a great deal of useful discussion and ideas.

J. Heard

F. Lockhart

PUBLIC SPEAKING WINNERS



Patsy Derrick, Rhoda Hanafi, Debby Grills, Nandy Smith.

REACH FOR THE TOP TEAM



Lucille Hodgins, Marg Thomas, Kim Walker, Marg Bagnall.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

In the fall Elmwood held its annual public speaking contest. The English teachers chose the most talented speakers to represent their classes. Both the audience and other competitors were more knowledgeable afterwards.

The theme of the speeches was "My favourite Charity". There were four categories: Junior Juniors, Senior Juniors, Intermediates, and Seniors. A majority vote by the school and staff decided the winners. The choice was a difficult one, but the following people spoke convincingly and hence their charities are:

Rhoda Hanafi - The Unitarian Service Committee
Patsy Derrick - CNIB
Debby Grills - Angel of Mercy
Xandy Smith - CNIB

D.G.

REACH FOR THE TOP

This year the CBC changed their policy concerning Reach for the Top and specified that only one member of the preceding year's team could return. This broke up the team for '66 and resulted in four girls from the new U6 - Marg Thomas, Lu Hodgins, Kim Walker, and Marg Bagnall. The first game generated even more excitement than ever, because it was against our traditional rival, Ashbury. At the first half, with the score about 200 for Ashbury to 10 for Elmwood, it was hard to believe that Elmwood actually would win 245 to 230! The second game was against Lisgar and we went into it with a rather defeatist attitude, muttering under our breaths - "but look how big Lisgar is!" We did lose, but we put up a better fight than expected, and, at any rate, thoroughly enjoyed the series. For our participation we received several lovely books for the library.

M.T.

STRATFORD '67

In late October, the Elmwood girls set off for another trip to Stratford after missing one last year in '66. The bus was loaded at 5:45 Saturday morning with very excited girls, going to see two Shakespearean plays at the newly formed Stratford Theatre in Stratford, Ontario. We saw "Richard III" that Saturday afternoon and "Anthony and Cleopatra" that evening after a wonderful meal at our nearby hotel. Our excitement was not quelled by the long and tiring drive on the 402, but was rather increased by the prospect of that afternoon's performance which featured the famed Alan Bates as "Georgy Girl" as Richard III. No ingenious excuse seemed good enough to get us backstage to get his autograph. But, as it turned out, everyone but Freida Lockhart was too shy to ask him any questions when the question and answer period came up after the performance. Both performances we saw were excellent, and

the question and answer periods were most beneficial in solving any of our queries concerning the production of a Shakespearean play, casting, and so on.

These periods were also very informative, as in the case of Alan Bates from whom we found out the difference between acting in a movie and in a play; which type of lines were easier to memorize, and so on. Surprisingly for us, Alan Bates found Shakespearean lines were easier to learn than the dialogue of a movie script. I'm afraid we Elmwood girls disagree! After the evening performance we retired for a much wanted sleep at the Windsor Hotel after a brisk walk from the theatre to stretch our cramped legs. The next morning we had breakfast at 10:00 and clambered wearily back into the bus to make our way home. Tired but happy, we arrived home late Sunday afternoon not quite ready to face Monday morning with undone homework!

Martha Pimm

FOLK CLUB



On The Stairs: Markie Cochran, Kathy Baldwin, Vicky Wilgress, Lynn Carr-Harris, Jenny Bagnall, Joy Wallingford, Debby Grills.
Front Row: Xandy Smith, Dawn Harwood-Jones, Cathy Maclaren, Mary-Margaret Southcott (Head), Judy Levine, Sue Massey, Jackie Heard, Janet Hughson.

"THE FOLK CLUB"

Among the many new things this year at Elmwood was our Folk Club. We were fortunate to have four enthusiastic and rather good guitarists as well as the numerous singers and lovers of folk and rock. Often at our weekly meeting this beat-heavy sound permeated even the most quiet rooms of the school.

Members of the Folk Club participated in several activities such as the talent show, folk prayers, 5A French classes, and a hootenany co-sponsored by Ashbury.

During the Winter Term some of the girls joined Mr. Alexander and the Ashbury Folk group. Together we had another hootenany, entertaining at a sportman's dinner.

As a last group effort some of us went to Man and His World after the exams, accompanied by Jane Massey, and although it was a bit isolated we had a great time (especially on the roller coaster).

In the years to come, I hope the Folk Club will survive and grow to become a permanent fixture in the Elmwood society.

Mary M. Southcott.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

This year Ashbury and Elmwood combined their talents to produce Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore". For six months, under the direction of Mr. Thomson and Mrs. Harwood-Jones, combined and separate practices were held several times a week. The leading roles had to put in extra time for private rehearsals as well as joining with the rest for the once-a-week combined effort.

Too soon, after a lot of hair-tearing and waiting, the final nights arrived, the 19th and 20th of April. As a result of Mr. McGowran's hard work, the stage had all the trappings and scenery of one of Her Majesty's noblest, and the costumes borrowed from H.M.C.S. Carleton for the sailors, and put together by the "sisters and the cousins and the aunts" for themselves, completed the picture.

Our first performance on Friday night was a great success partly due to the fact that the audience was for the most part, a student one, and our supporters uplifted our spirits. The Elmwood gym was filled to capacity and all the way down the stone corridor was a sea of faces, stretching to the farthest end, all standing on chairs straining to see the play. Bev Erlandson, as the Captain's pretty daughter Josephine, won the audience's sympathy as she bemoaned her lot, and everyone sided with the hero, Ralph Rackstraw, played by Bob Millar. Sir Joseph Porter (Philip Loftus) suc-

cessfully disdained his cousin Hebe (Elizabeth Tanczyk) and a happy match was eventually made as Buttercup (Dawn Harwood-Jones) and Captain Corcoran (David McNaughton) exchanged "loving" glances. Emotions changed quickly as the audience first sneered at the sinister Dick Deadeye (Ted Junke) and then cheered for the brave boatswain (John McCall) as he described the attributes of an Englishman in a memorable solo for which he received an unforgettable encore. Altogether the cast was very pleased with our first reception.

Despite the praises of Friday night's audience, the cast was somewhat nervous in facing a predominantly adult audience and was perhaps a little over-confident over the previous night's reception. Thus, Saturday night for many members of the cast was a bit of an anti-climax. However, the night ended with gifts and cheers for Mr. Thomson and Mrs. Harwood-Jones, and the cast party later on gave one and all a chance to let off steam and wallow in the success of the months of "blood, toil, tears and sweat."

Every member of the cast enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and we hope that our two able directors will have enough strength and nerve to produce another musical next year.

Janet Hughson 6M



SENIOR DRAMA

The Drama Class was appreciated by all this year, especially by those who were allowed to miss study to watch the plays.

Our first endeavour was; "The Story of Good King Wenceslas." Mrs. Van Dine taught us how to speak and walk on stage and we (of course, picked for our unique acting ability) managed to make the audience laugh and enjoy itself. We had a few props, but apart from those, we created our own atmosphere and spoke our own lines (some, very literally our own).

After Easter and a lot of hard practice, we once again opened our curtains to the public. This time, with a play differing entirely from the last. "Ario de Capo" by Edna St. Vincent was divided in two parts. The first was a farce, the second a tragedy. Again Mrs. Van Dine gave us valuable help. On the same afternoon Evva Massey delighted the audience with her performance of St. Joan. Another play was scheduled for that day; unfortunately for the girls, who worked hard on this, "A Tower for Tommy" was not performed.

The Senior and Junior Classes would like to thank Mrs. Van Dine for her wonderful teaching and to say that we promise to learn our lines before the day before next year.

Jenny Bagnall
Senior Drama

JUNIOR DRAMA

The 1967-68 Junior Drama class had a successful year under the direction of Mrs. A. Van Dine. Our first production was at Christmas time: "The Coming of Chriskind", a scene from "Alice in Wonderland" was put on prior to the senior presentation in the last term. Our final production was on May 16th. It included excerpts from "The Wind in the Willows", and "The Emperor Gadiva". We wish to thank Mrs. Van Dine for an exciting and helpful year.

C. Ashton

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The Hallowe'en party this year was held on October 31, 1967. Everyone wore inventive and colourful costumes and seemed to be enjoying herself. There were prizes given out for the best, most original and most amusing costumes. Winners are listed at the bottom. A requirement of the party is that each form puts on a short skit with a "grande finale" done at the end by the teachers. The junior classes put on very amusing plays and so did the seniors but, as it has been every other year the teachers put on the funniest. Notable efforts are grade 10's spoof on the teachers and miscellaneous students and 6M's effort to parody "Reach for the Top". Grade 11's commercials had a lot of work put into them and they came out the top of the spoofs on advertising.

It was a very exciting evening and everyone had fun.

Congratulations to the winners whose names appear below.

JUNIOR SCHOOL

Prettiest - Skunk - I. Douglas
Most original - Fish and Rod - G. Briscoe, A. Scholfield
Funniest - "Hippies" - S. O'Brien and T. Nixon
Best pair - Letters (Blackmail) - D. Butler, C. Corder

INTERMEDIATE

Prettiest - Flower girl - L. Samson
Most original - Its - F. Lockhart
Funniest - Voyageurs - M. Garrett, S. Arron
Best pair - Toothpaste - J. Coyne, J. Heard

SENIOR

Prettiest - Grecian - M. and J. Bagnall
Most original - Flowers - N. Casselman, J. Heintzman
Funniest - Cleaning couple - M. Armitage, E. Greenberg
Best pair - 1. Arabs - K. Gray, C. Davies

2. Charlie Brown - M. Thomas, J. Archambault,
S. Cohen

MILES FOR MILLIONS



Back Row: Janet Stubbins, Nicola Sims, Susan McNicoll, Margo Frigon, Chris Deeble, Xandy Smith, Penny Reed, Janet Urie, Jenny Smart, Julia Berger, Paula Lawrence, Pat Mullen, Marg Armitage, Jenny Bagnall, Kathi Gray, Judy Patton, Alison Schofield, Caroline Davies, Trish Wilgress, Nancy Gale, Jane Archambault.

Middle Row: Charlotte Corder, Alice Brodie, Kathy Rothwell, Judy Levine, Ingrid Sorenson, Nancy King, Cynthia Coffin, Diana Magee, Marissa Goebels, Elizabeth Bell, Francie Cochran, Vicky Wilgress, Evva Massey, Margie Guthrie, Beatrice Hampson, Sarah Whitwill, Gwendy Morris, Tauny Nixon, Shane O'Brien, Jennifer Coyne, Marg Thomas.

Front Row: Christie Ault, Janis Robertson, Jackie Reynolds, Judy Williams, Elizabeth Roberts, Mary Garrett, Sally Sutton, Alison Corder, Martha Pimm, Jane Ginsberg, Lynne Sampson, Debby Coyne, Valentia Scarabelli, Shelley Arron.

SPIRIT WEEK

In the middle of the cold, hard, winter term, when holidays seemed years away, something happened to relieve the monotony and break the grind of unadulterated school work. When Elmwoodians entered the school on that Monday morning they could not help but see the many posters proclaiming the existence of SPIRIT WEEK. Then after prayers that morning Spirit Week was officially initiated. All of the Prefects, excluding those spreading the good news at Ashbury (during math class), lined up before the school wearing letters that spelled S-P-I-R-I-T W-E-E-K-! -! -! , and did the can-can to the Spirit Week cheer with a Mickey Mouse theme tune. When the applause for the performance died, the Prefects announced the activities for the day, and what was planned for the week. Classes commenced on a lighter note that day.

At break on Monday, organization was a little slow and it was almost time to go in before the races had been run. But later after lunch both junior and senior relay sent girls crashing through the snow, dampening tights and blommers but not spirits.

Tuesday was again opened with the can-can. This day was more organized and we managed to have inter-house relay races at break and toboggan races at lunch.

Wednesday was a "D-Day" for the prefects. At break we were marched onto the stage where we stared down at the evil, eager faces as one by one we were auctioned off. Groups of people pooled their savings and between them bought a Prefect to be their slave the following day. We sold for about four dollars a head and the funds raised were for the graduation formal.

It is impossible to describe the scenes on Thursday. During any spare time that day the Prefects bowed to their masters' commands; Although a slave could not be damaged permanently, temporary damage was a source of amusement to the masters and onlookers. Picture a girl: her reversed tunic tucked up in various places with no belt; her tie inter-twined through many small braids in her head; she is wearing startling (washable) red lipstick and riding a tricycle through the halls. This was one of the many hilarious scenes of that Thursday.

Friday at lunch when the teachers were pre-occupied with a teachers meeting, huge cans of colourful paint, and bare hands, were employed in the creation of a mural masterpiece on the back wall of the stage which had been covered with paper. (The floor had been wisely covered also!) The 'paint-in' proved to be quite a work of art and remained up for the next night.

For the Grand Finale of Spirit Week, "The Smug Minority" was scheduled for that Saturday. This was an Ashbury-Elmwood Talent show-hootenanny-dance which was a great success and helped Elmwood further on the way to a good formal.

Spirit Week was a great success and was the Prefect's effort to drum up school spirit and gather support for the formal. It gave the school fresh air and exercise and a chance to brighten and hurry up the dull winter days. There was marvellous co-operation and participation, and, thanks to the school, we thought it was a good week. Who knows whatever might happen next year? !

Dawn Harwood-Jones



"He acts as if I had ..."



The morning after the
night before

THE



WAY



WE



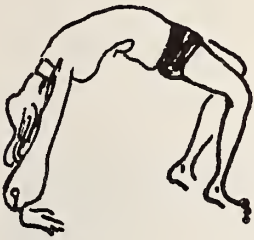
ARE



"Come back here with
my Secret! "



SPORTS



SPORTS NOTES

This year has been a good year in the sports field. We had competitions in swimming, skiing, volleyball, basketball badminton, and tennis. First term got off to a roaring start with inter-house volleyball, while outdoors there was tennis and all kinds of softball. Keller took the volleyball trophy and Fry no less triumphantly won the basketball after energetic competitions in the second term. A ping-pong table was set up on the stage for the winter months though regretfully there was no tournament. We had an excellent ski team this year and we are proud to say they came second in the inter-school competition. So too, was there swimming and again Elmwood was represented by a fine team. Third term began with badminton, followed by the tennis match-

es. Sports Day was a little different this year. For the first time we had a dance around the Maypole, performed by the juniors. This was expertly organized and executed. As well, members of the Gym Club gave a magnificent gymnastics display under the supervision and direction of Miss Carter. Congratulations to all the winners and thanks to the whole school for participating so actively in all the sports. Thanks also to my part-time, most helpful assistant Jenny Bagnall, and especially to Miss Carter, our marvellous gym mistress, who made the year the success it was.

Moir Phillips
Sports Captain
6M



SKI TEAM



Back Row: Maria Sparks, Mary-Jane Finlayson, Jenny Smart.

Front Row: Deirdre O'Brien, Felicity Don.

SWIM TEAM



Back Row: Sarah Whitwill, Mary-Jane Finlayson, Gillian Briscoe, Debby Grills.

Front Row: Beatrice Hampson, Francie Cochran, Vanda Steer.

GYM CLUB



Back Row: Jane White, Deirdre O'Brien, Janet Hughson, Charlotte Sinclair, Jenny Bagnall, Joy Wallingford, Debby Smith, Caroline Don, Jackie Heard, Martha Pimm.

Front Row: Judy Williams, Mary Garrett, Penny Parker, Markie Cochran, Sue Massey, Shelley Arron.



FRY BASKETBALL WINNERS

Back Row: Sue McNicoll, Jenny Bagnall, Marg Armitage, Debby Grills.
 Front Row: Charlotte Sinclair, Jackie Heard, Caroline Davies, Jane White.
 Absent: Mary-Margaret Southcott, Debby Coyne.



JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Viviane Templeton, M.E. Snelgrove, Anne Cooke, Carol Damp, Anna Berlis,
 Vanda Steer, Monica Dunn.
 Front Row: Susan Leroy, Gweny Morris, Maggie Hinkson, Elizabeth Bell, Jane Bell.



KELLER SENIOR VOLLEYBALL WINNERS

Back Row: Judy Patton, Sue Massey, Lynn Carr-Harris, Janet Hughson, Wanda Turner.
Front Row: Joy Wallingford, Kim Walker, Jennifer Heintzman.



KELLER INTERMEDIATE VOLLEYBALL WINNERS

Theresa Pettet, Jenny Smart, Mar-Pat Curran, Pat Mullen, Frieda Lockhart, Janet Urie.

TENNIS



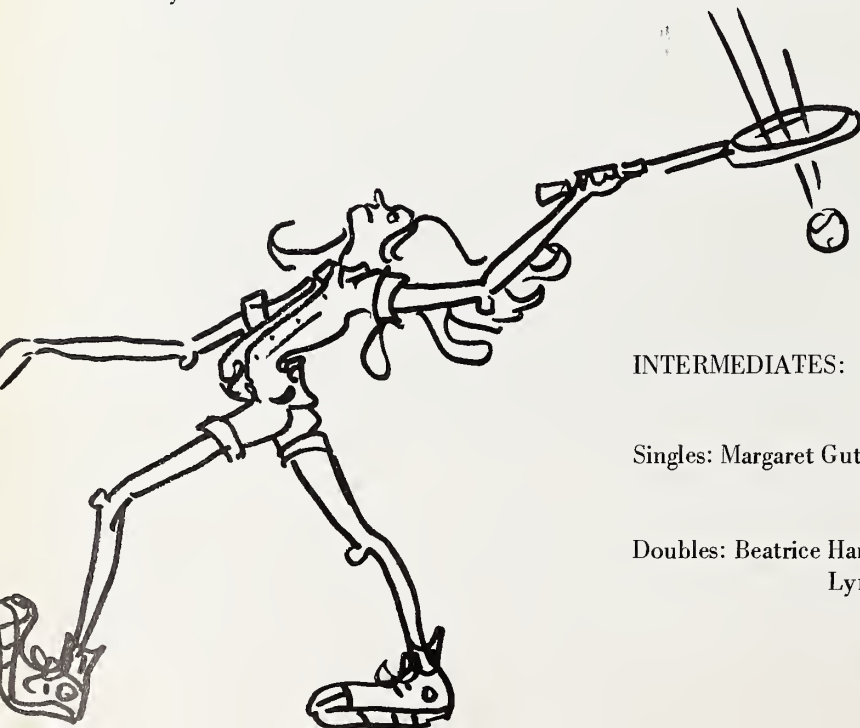
SENIOR:

Singles:

Evva Massey

Doubles:

Evva Massey and
Kathy Mulock



INTERMEDIATES:

Singles: Margaret Guthrie

Doubles: Beatrice Hampson and
Lynn Sampson

14-3

BADMINTON WINNERS

BANTAM DOUBLES: Ranjana Basu and Cathy Moore

JUNIOR SINGLES: Shane O'Brien

JUNIOR DOUBLES: Tauny Nixon and Shane O'Brien

INTERMEDIATE SINGLES: Susan Michelson

INTERMEDIATE DOUBLES: Debby Grills and Vicky Wilgress

SENIOR SINGLES: Nancy Casselman

SENIOR DOUBLES: Nancy Casselman and Jennifer Heintzman



SPORTS DAY

THE GYM DISPLAY





SPORTS DAY

THE MAYPOLE DANCERS

THE SUI SANG BAZAAR

SPORTS DAY WINNERS:

Senior: Jenny Bagnall - Wilson Senior Sports Cup.

Intermediate: Jackie Heard - Dunlop Intermediate Sports Cup.

Junior: Beatrice Hampson - Fauquier Junior Sports Cup.

Bantam: Anna Berlis - Bantam Sports Cup.

MAJOR SPORTS AWARDS:

Physical Education Gold Medal - Jennifer Bagnall.

Maynard Sportsmanship Cup - Moira Phillips.

Green Form Drill Cup - 5A.

Inter-House Sports Cup - Fry House.



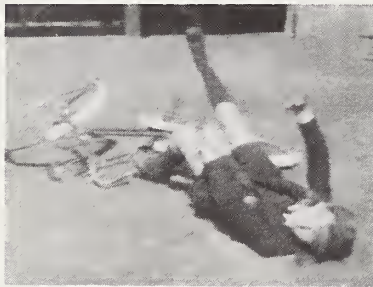
THE BEST OF US



Would you believe ... French class.



"And he didn't even say sorry."



Friendship to all -
Not for ourselves alone.



"Will that shoe phone
ever stop ringing."



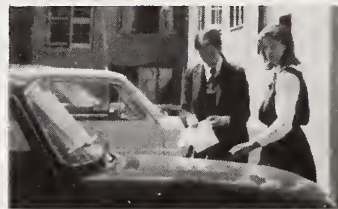
"Heh, heh, heh."



"And if I am elected I
will build a tunnel....."



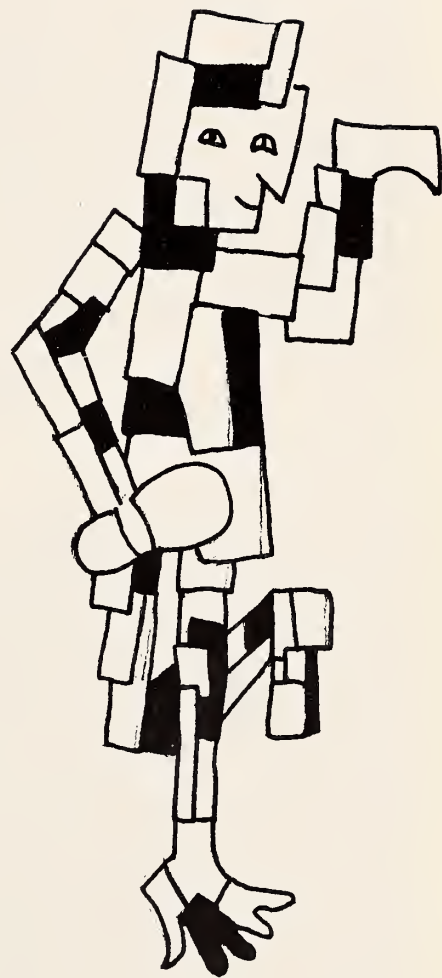
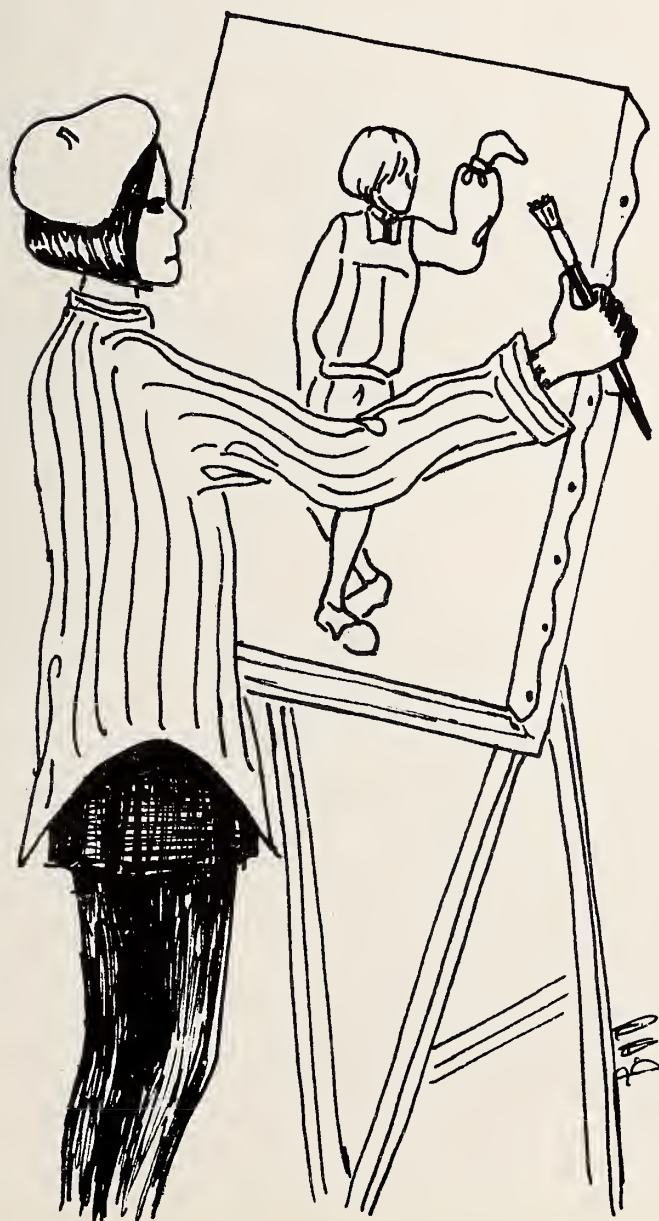
"Chicken Little was right
and nobody believes me."



"It's a lovely hubcap ...
but do we dare! "



ALC









LITERATURE



THE ODD ONE

She was the odd one: you could tell that just by looking at her. Although the other girls had long hair worn in various casual styles, hers was short and and fussily waved. She wore bobby socks and oxfords. Granted, the other girls wore socks, but theirs were of the new textured, lavishly-patterned type. She said she dressed differently, not to be different, but because she liked to dress that way.

She was different not only in the way she dressed but also in the things she enjoyed doing. Although the other girls liked the Young Rascals and Bob Dylan, she preferred Classical music because 'there's something about it that makes me feel calm and peaceful.' If it were wet outside, most people could be found inside doing something practical such as cleaning that long-neglected bedroom. But not she. She liked to walk in the rain and splash through the puddles. If everyone else were reading "Animal Farm" or "Brave New World", she would be immersed in "Sonnets from the Portuguese." If the others were planning to take up tennis or sailing in the summer, she would be making plans to paint-children, landscapes, and abstracts. Even though there were still two months before final examinations, she was studying during every spare moment while the others were trying out for the track team although most of them wouldn't get on the team.

She was there for only a year and then she was gone, gone as suddenly as she had come. She never knew, she said, when her family would be moving or where to: they just moved. But she left something behind that none of the others could have left had one of them been the one to leave. She left a greatly changed group of young people. Never again would any of them be afraid to do what THEY wanted to, dress the way THEY wanted to, read what THEY wanted to, enjoy what THEY wanted to. This was her legacy, a legacy she was unaware she had given: pride in being an individual.

Susan Cohen, 6U

THE ANTIQUE SHOP

Waiting for inspiration to descend, I looked up at the poster on my wall, a prismatic picture of the interior of a crowded antique shop, advertising 'les antiquaires'. The sober room around me swirls into life and colour as I remember the day that I found the poster. The desk beneath my paper fades from scratched reality into the cobbled winding road near our hotel in St. Germain de Prés. The couch at my side dissolves mistily into the Louis Quatorze love-seat in the window that tempts me in. I smell the universal musty excitement of all antique shops. The beatnik girl confronts me once again, materializing from the rear of the shop at the gentle 'ding' of the door, and asks "Que voulez-vous?" "Nothing," I reply, and move gingerly between a bust of a regal queen and a tiny chess set complete with ivory men. Before me is a crystal cross distorting the image of the world-globe behind it into a thousand dancing blue spots of light on the wall. I skirt a velvet-covered tea-table, and resist a tiny pot enamelled with garlanded figurines. I remember the deep rust and burgundy colours; they surrounded me again. I hear once more the tiny tick of an ormulu clock, the tinkle of the door as it swings open for another customer, the musty smell of the dust motes dancing on the sunbeam, the clatter of the street outside, the calm of this collection of centuries.

As I look, the mahogany umbrella-rack dissolves into a lamp, I feel the paper beneath my hands, and I realize with an aching sense of loss that I am in the basement doing homework.

Margaret Thomas, 6U

PEACE

The molten streaks of red-hot day
Are cooking to metallic gray.
And gusts of Wabun move no more,
And darkness looms beyond the shore,
Transparent rest on gliding wings
Comes whispering from the waves, and sings
Of visions emptier than night,
Like shadows in a purple light.
From vast horizon's depths unknown
There comes the soft and quiet tone
On rustling crest and far-off gleam
A conscious sleep, a living dream.

Elizabeth Tanczyk, 6M

TURBULENCE

Arise and greet the laughing morn;
A golden day to you is born,
Away, mysterious, melting sleep,
But come with joyful swirling sweep
On winged horses, god of light,
And fill the vanity of night.
The icy surf is flying high,
The gulls are screaming in the sky;
My sail is set to the swelling breeze.
To the rocking freedom of the seas.
Be bold, be strong, shout, sing, soar, fly!
The world is glad, and so am I

Elizabeth Tanczyk, 6M

— WITH APOLOGIES TO JOHN MILTON

THE MAN AND THE IMAGE

It was spring, a time of freedom and mad joy, a delicious moment when one is so acutely aware of the whole glorious world and all the beauty of its sharp reality.

For Nan, however, all reality of time and place had disappeared, present and past experiences, responsibilities and memories had blurred and finally vanished into the well of the subconscious. She was aware only of the recent events, the abyss of sound and light, and the sea of faces into which she had been absorbed - the pressure and the strength of last minute campaign strategy, of the candidates as they strived desperately to gain the votes of previously uncommitted delegates, and the mounting tension of all involved; the candidates, the staff, and the delegates in whose hands lay the coveted hidden power. Yet in the midst of this chaos and confusion, she was aware of something much more meaningful, a much stronger force - the presence of a slight, balding, but attractive man, a man whose smile and amazingly calm appearance seemed to defy the fact that he was the centre of much interest, curiosity and speculation in a contest that was proving very strenuous and which would either raise him to the highest pinnacle of success or almost completely obliterate him from the path of future political progress. To Nan, he symbolized a great deal more. Through the hum of the throbbing crowd she could hear the echo of what everyone had said, "courageous, swinging, strong, independent, intellectual, progressive - Canada's new hope," and yet she felt there was more, that the image went far deeper, that the thinker, the reformer, the realist was also - a man - a very charming, very diplomatic and incredibly sincere man who seemed more awed and moved by his popularity and support than ---

Nan was roughly shaken out of her reverie by the harsh clash of cymbals and the rumbling of drums as yet another demonstration swung into action. For the first time she was fully aware of the excitement that rippled through the crowd, the frantic movements of the press and not surprisingly, the greatest reminder of her own personal fatigue - the pain in her feet. As she shifted position she recalled the hectic atmosphere of the preceding days - especially that moment when we had come in contact with that man whom she sensed rather than knew was to be the next leader of their nation.

- It had been a long day full of faces, speeches, and cheers, a day of final appeals and anxious conferences. Long after most people had bulldozed their way out of the arena, searching for new excitement and action, she had remained in her seat relaxed and alone, recalling the arguments and the promises of the great men she had heard earlier that evening. As she gazed around the auditorium she noticed that only three of the candidates had tarried to hear the words of an inconsequential unknown who was now on the podium. One of them was "the man" and she began to walk absently towards him, half hoping to get close to him, half expecting to be turned away. She realized that it would be futile to penetrate the barricade of "chocolate soldiers" so she changed the path of her footsteps and began to mount the steps close to where he sat, intending to reach him from behind.

It was amazingly simple, for in a moment she was directly above him, close enough to reach out and touch his hand, close enough to tell that, insignificant as she was, she believed in him and would fight with all her determination and strength to help him. He turned and she found herself mumbling something incoherent about being a supporter when all at once he noticed her braided hair bound with stickers bearing his name. His face creased into a grin as he said; "That's a manner of supporting me that I wasn't aware of - pig-tails!" Feeling slightly embarrassed, she backed away only partially sensing a click of a camera. She had spoken to that man for a second time, whom she felt sure was to be one of the greatest leaders in Canadian politics and she felt now a personal attachment to him and a strong conviction to defend him and his policies. But that was yesterday. Today he was surrounded by press, radio, and television who bore down upon him as if by surrounding him and ceaselessly questioning him they might destroy his ease and force him to divulge some previously unknown truth. However, they were not successful for he remained strong and silent, although the strain of the previous days' victories and defeats had etched the features of his face and deepened the colour of his eyes. Nan gazed at him in pride and admiration and chanted his campaign song a little louder, with all the energy she could gather. The next time she looked he was gone, but soon he returned and the look on his face was more rigid, more subdued and tinged slightly with exhausted despair.

Nan started to push madly through the crowd, first mumbling brief "excuse me please's" and then finally just struggling onward, striving to keep her balance. As soon as she reached the floor she could feel the change in atmosphere - people were screaming questions and orders, mashing their way through the mob, crushing any weaker being under them, intent only on improving their own positions. For the first time Nan was frightened, her feet were ruthlessly trodden on, her hair was pulled and twisted and everywhere people jostled, pinning her body and digging her elbows into her ribs, until just on the verge of hysteria, she plunged directly into the path of "the man". Hardly able to concentrate she thrust out her hand which he held tightly for a moment while she shouted "Good Luck!" He gave her a kind, vague look and then moved forward. She had not expected him to recognize her; all she had wanted to do was to tell him at that crucial moment how strongly and completely she believed in him and that she had succeeded.

The crowd was sweeping him on but just before he disappeared he turned quickly and quietly and said the words she would never forget, that rid her of all feelings of fatigue and despair. She smiled; perhaps not one had heard him but even if they had how possible could they have understood, what possible meaning could they see in the statement -

"Your pigtails - why did you take them out?"

Paula Lawrence, 6 Matric

BRIEF ODE TO MY CAT

O glossy coat of colours - brass, chocolate and night!
O white and golden tufts of fur!
O glistening, glassy-green orbs of light!
O velvet paws of famed mouser!
O Puss!
My Puss!

Anne Cooke, 4A

CANADIAN YEAR

Winter's long, but the skies are bright,
Winter's beautiful, Winter's white.

Spring comes quickly over-night,
Dancing flowers - a welcome sight.

Then comes Summer's warm long days,
Sail and swim or read and laze.

Last comes Fall with red and gold,
Glorious colours bright and bold.
Deirdre Butler, 4A

TOUS LE TEMPS DU MONDE

"Malheureusement je n'ai pas de temps."

C'est ce que vous pensez, vous avez beaucoup de temps pour faire toutes sortes de choses. Mais tous le monde dit qu'on a de temps de prier le bon Dieu. Vous avez beaucoup de temps pour prier spécialement dans cette époque où il y a une guerre. Vous pouvez prier pour tous ceux qui n'ont pas autant de choses que nous. Priez le bon Dieu pour le remercier de ce qu'il nous donne.

Lesslie Ross, 4A

THE PREDATOR

A BOOK FRIEND

A book friend
Is what I need
That might come out
Each night and feed
And play with me
And talk of beads

And scary spooks
In books that he sees.
A book friend would be
A good friend for me.

Tina Cole, 3A-4C

He stood poised, not a fibre of his being twitched.
His golden eyes seemed to pierce the darkness and follow the every movement of the luminous wings.
He strained his eyes to see the up and down motions of the quivering butterfly.
Suddenly his muscles tensed,
Silently he sank to the ground, his eyes still pursing the fairy-like form.
He slunk slowly, ever so slowly as he stalked his prey.
The frail weightless creature that had alighted on an unresponding blade of grass.
The cat neared, neared; it was painful to see the unsuspecting butterfly recline on her grass couch not knowing what was to happen.
His nose twitched and the powerful muscles flexed as he sprang and pounced on his prey.
Then in utter astonishment and surprise the captor released his prisoner and stealthily crept away.

Alison Corder, 4A

UNDERSTANDING

Alone.
Time passes and the snows of my despair
Return again.

Again I try to understand
But like snowflakes
My hopes fall to the ground
Vanishing with the first harsh ray of sun.

A white darkness surrounds me in my blizzard of hopelessness
And my stranger-friends envelop me in isolation and loneliness.
A crowd pushes past
Why is the room so empty?

'Hope springs eternal'
Is there no one?
Yes.
One.
God.

Winner of the Strauss Poetry Cup
Beverly Erlandson, 6U

"DUE TO APATHY AND LACK OF INTEREST TOMORROW HAS BEEN CANCELLED"

Ebony chewiness - tar from the roof
Dripped to the pavement and clung to his teeth
Battered old bicycle, scab ridden knees,
Tangled long lashes o'er blue laughing eyes.

Cracker crumb trail behind nerve wracking happiness,
Wonderful, beautiful, breakable joy.
Where has it gone? Why is it that none of us
See delight in all things as this infant boy?

"Darn good," avowed Hilary on the summit of Everest
When all of the world was sprawled at his feet
But the Eastern man with him, inspired by the vision
Fell to his knees and praised God to the skies.

"Sense of Wonder" was the title of the address at
Church last Sunday. So many people had lost it.
Fran Wilson, 5A

THE INTERFERERS

He stalked the woods, robbed of light,
But four-footed prey was not his hunt;
His only thought to kill that night
The hated enemy that held his front.

His only wish was alone to meet,
The one who stirred the hatred in his heart,
When out from the dark and gloomy deep,
Stepped his enemy; he must play his part.

They stand one another full in the face,
Yet each afraid to take a shot;
When nature's force was bound to grace
Their presence with alarming wrought.

They now lay pinioned under fallen trees,
Offering pious thanks to life at least.

And with many, many, heartfelt pleas,
Bound a friendship which never has ceased.

Both agreed to love one another, not to hate
And none was going to interfere,
With this new friendship almost too late;
When sounds of approach could be heard quite near.

Each strained their necks in vain to see,
If those who came were of their own,
When from the throat came with maddish glee,
A cry of despair, followed by that of a groan.

"Who comes? Pray tell," the other cries,
Not knowing the hellish end so near,
The first turned, ashwhite like those of dyes,
"Wolves" he screamed "They come to interfere."
Elizabeth Roberts, 5C

THE FLOODS CAME

It was a wet world, throbbing with electric shocks. Sea and sky erupted pitting their strength against the earth that shuddered in their grasp. At the river mouth a small cottage wavered uncertainly in the fangs of the wind that whipped viciously at the frail structure. Its three occupants straggled out into the storm, beat against its furious onslaught, forming a pitiable battleline. The aged son spoke, encouraging the mother and the young child who clung to the voluminous black rag hanging in soaked strands to the mother's sparse frame, beaten to the bones by the years of poverty.

"Hurry! - we still have time!" he screamed above the wind "To the bridge to the hills safe! we'll be safe ... hold tightly ..." and the wind tore away his breath and hurled his last words to the indifferent storm. They heaved on, struggling and stumbling. They did not hear the ghastly gnashing of timber as the shack was blown into splinters behind them. It was as well that they were not witnesses, the miserable dwelling had been their sole earthly possession. It was gone. They had nothing now to lose but their lives.

Tom's strong body surged forward, his arms holding close to him the violently trembling little Ruth, whose tiny fists pummelled at her eyes to drive away the sight. He looked once upon her tenderly, and a haunted glaze clouded his eyes. He squinted through the wet sheets at his mother. She was failing already, but one look at her face assured him of her unflinching courage. Tears of love and fear poured down his prematurely care-carved face to join the rivulets of rain that battered it. He stumbled on deeper into the nightmare. Above the tormenting scream of the wind came the thundering sound of rushing, roaring water. The river - they had reached the river! Tom's pace quickened and everything within him leapt. The bridge was still intact - they had to hurry before it was too late. There was no need to attempt communication with the woman at

his side, she too had caught sight of the bucking bridge. Both looked in awe and dread at the black seething water boiling and leaping high with the wind. Tom charred and twisted inside, paralyzed for an instant at the sight of the gap between bridge and foam growing less and less. "Dear God - let us make it in time." He prayed desperately, and then tore his eyes from the mass of heaving liquid and dragged his tormented, exhausted body to the bridge. The ropes were taut still, and, he prayed, strong, strong enough to get them to the other side.

They were on the bridge now, shuffling slowly, cautiously and lurching precariously inches above the fuming below. Tom clutched the child hard against him with one arm the other groping its way along the comforting roughness of the rope. The older woman had reached the other side, and ahead of him now, yearned towards him, her arms outstretched. Suddenly a high wail, a very human wail came to them from the shore they had left behind. Tom took the last remaining steps to his mother's side. "Someone needs help. Take Ruth," he croaked, "Get up the hill - and wait for me." As he turned to go, she screamed "No, no, not without you!" And she tore at his arm, "Tom! You can't make it ... Tom ... the water ... coming over the bridge ... Tom ..." Her scream rose to a pitch then, before it was strangled in the gale. Her son turned in wild fury, and for a brief moment suspended in time, the eyes of the mother and son met, in anguish and conflict. She turned then in sobbing defeat and with the child clammered and clawed, unseeing up the rise. Tom stood rooted an instant - but only an instant for the cry came to him again. He ran wildly, his legs stumbling and sliding beneath him in the rising river, across the bridge towards the voice and was gone, shrouded in the inferno. Minutes later, the bridge too was gone, and wild wind and water were one.

Jeff Heintzman, 6U

SALLY-ANNE MORREL

People stared at her oxfords, and her weird green mini-tunic but she didn't mind. It was her uniform, and she had a right to wear it, and, besides, it was a fresh, alive, summer morning and she was going to be on time for school, for once. She turned the combination for her locker. So far today she had not broken a single rule. She had even kept her hair "in" all the way to school, and those vulture-like prefects didn't seem to hover as much this morning. That red star had been kind of nice, even though stars were ohly to keep juniors in place and not for "guys" in grade eleven. Things were going well. Walking into the classroom, she was bombarded with "Hi Sam" from all corners. What a nice day today! .

Then it happened; that clear voice rising above the babble. "Hey, guess what? We get our English stories back today!" ugh! Her stomach fell and her spirits fell ... Oh why did she do it! "Prayers please! and they trambled down to the gym.

"Don't talk please." Oh why wouldn't those stupid monitors just shut up themselves! and the girl beside her sang the hymn so heartily- and the girl in front of her kept fooling around. Everything got on her nerves. First period was unbearable. Sam couldn't pay attention when the teacher asked her a question, her mind went blank. But when she had her hand up, the teacher looked somewhere else. She must have seen Sam. She did it on purpose! And her answer was right. The sky darkened and someone turned on the

lights - they glare so! They gave her a headache. Some teacher in the other room could be heard. It bothered Sam. Her mind finally blanked the classroom out and she sat at her desk scowling.

English second period. A girl's voice intrudes on her thoughts: "Oh, I know that I did terribly on the comp. - I just couldn't get inspired!" "Whisper please!" Why doesn't she? Why doesn't everybody just sit down and be quiet! The class rose. Sam automatically rose too! The heeled shoes on the tile floor snaps her out of her trance. She will look that English teacher in the eye if it kills! The teacher smiles. She must know. It's a fake smile for sure! Sam can see her book, it's at the top. The class sits. The desks scrape, the chairs scrape, a girl coughs, then all is silent. "Sam," why didn't she call her by her full name! "Sam, this is excellent. It is extremely well written, with a good plot. I always knew you could write well if you put your mind to it. Keep it up - good writing!" Eighty-nine per cent. Sam flushed, everyone must know. This was terrible! The break bell rang, bringing her back to reality. She had been in a trance throughout English double period. (she sat at the back) The teacher left. Sam rushed into the washroom and locked the door. Violently she ripped up the hateful story. Why had she cheated? Why had she copied that story? The rain beat against the small window - and it had started out such a nice day!

Dawn Harwood-Jones, 6M

APATHY

She nods, she shrugs, she shakes her head,
Her long black lashes flutter
She knows tonight she will be fed,
With baked potatoes, butter.
Her parents love her dearly
She has clothes to shade her back
Her eyes see all too clearly
On their own side of the track
But she can't see past her world of splendour
In fact I am sure she does not dare
Her own world is too soft and tender
What's outside she does not care
Who is this child? Who can she be?
Why this child is you, This child is me.

Alice Brodie, 4A

TWO

Two.

One to labour.

One to enjoy.

One to package ugliness into brown cardboard boxes.

One to usher beauty from the sunshine corner

Two.

One to wait.

One to act.

One to stay behind to watch the cobwebs weave.

One to catch imaginations butterfly in paper net.

Two. So different, so, opposite.

So necessary to each other.

One to stir the ladle of life's pure broth.

One to spice and flavour its steamy edges.

Jane Archambault, 6U

TODAY

His large eyes dull for lack of food,
His failing hands stretch out for help,
This starving child; only five,
Is crippled, wasted and just alive.
Feebly limping, slowly swaying
He speaks no words, but weeps instead.
He finally falls with a plaintive cry;
This is not the way to die.

At the same moment, at home, in bed;
Well fed and happy, loved and secure,
Feeling no terror, enduring no pain,
Another child sleeps, to wake again.
How can he realize or understand
The boundless despair in that distant land.

Jenny Bagnall, 5A

THE CONFEDERATION CARAVAN

The Confederation Caravan which tells about Canada's history consists of seven trailers all joined together. It is very interesting and was called "the Land Itself is Born."

When you walk up the plank into the first trailer you receive a pamphlet which tells about the things you will see.

Right at the beginning you will see the beauty of the Canadian minerals of which there are quite a few. A bit farther on you hear the cries of seagulls and the rushing of waves on the rocky shore as the tide comes in. You will also see many art forms of the Indians, how they lived, their tribal life and their electronic aids.

Entering trailer two, you will hear the creaking of ship's mast and rigging as it sways in the wind. You will see some Chinese pottery and Chinese silks. Also there are Chinese symbols, which remind us that the Orient held riches, wanted by Europeans, who were searching for a route to the East.

Entering trailer three you will find yourself in a Quebec tailor's shop. You will hear the clatter of horses and the jingle of bridles. Farther on you will see English culture of 1730 to 1830. You will walk into an Upper Canada tavern in the time of George III. The French proclaim war in 1812. Then you will see fishing huts of B.C. .. big sailing ships and a fish fishing village.

Entering trailer four you see the pre-confederation of 1800-

1867. Then comes the war of 1812. You will walk through confederation chamber where there is a sculptured group turning around and around. Then you see the coats of arms of the first four provinces: Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

In trailer five you will see the first parliament buildings and the first Prime Minister. Then, how Canada was, after Confederation and the Riel Rebellion. Also the birth of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. After this came pictures of the Prime Ministers: Macdonald, Mackenzie, Bowell, Abbott, Thompson and Tupper. The last thing you see is a mechanical man panning for gold.

When you start on trailer six you will see that Canada is in the world community. You will hear sounds from the Boer War in 1899. It ended in 1901. Saskatchewan joins Canada in 1905. Shortly you will meet the Prime Ministers Laurier, Borden and Meighen. Bennett and Mackenzie King Preside.

At last you arrive in trailer seven where the Second World War comes and goes. Civilians create new types of casualty lists. Then came the prime ministers St. Laurent, Diefenbaker and Pearson. Newfoundland completes Canada.

These are not all the wonderful things seen in the Confederation Caravan.

Canada is a growing country and we must help it to prosper.

Barbara Coyne, 4C

THE CONVENTION

It would be a time when unleashed passion would grow swollen under the ballotted "X". Such a time of delirium could only be ushered in by strained jocundity of wine and cheesing, beer and beefing, exercised in revelry and carousing. And then, all emotion would be consumed and all become parched. Eyes, which once had been eager, would stare intently without apparent apprehension; mouths which once had been able to argue and persuade, would become rigid with mute screaming. All latent hopes and fears would be torn open in the grasp of the voter. A victor would emerge.

Then it happened. A cold, empty hall became asphyxiated and up to its knees in paraphernalia. The air was splashed with incongruous yet harmonious dazzle, and the vacuum resounded with a "Hoop-la" which deadened the ear. As time strained on with anticipation, the public became steeped in suspense, the campaigner reached a cracking intensity, and the candidate shrank from a silent torment. And then - a breaker of emotion swept two entire beings up to a transient crest of finality, dashed one against the shore of defeat and flung the other above the teeming mob of victory. The time of swelling passion had burst.

Kim Walker, 6 Upper

THE SNAKE CHARMER

A few years ago when we were travelling to Germany from Australia we stayed on an island on the coast of Malasia for a month.

Every Sunday morning an Indian snake charmer came to the hotel. He carried a bag with a small basket. In it was a cobra. He opened the basket and a cobra shot out. The first day we all got a fright and fled onto a table that was standing nearby. But when the snake calmed down we got closer. The charmer told us that the snake was harmless because he had taken the poison out of his teeth.

Now the charming began. He took a queer instrument out of his bag that was narrow on the end where he blew and on the other end it was round. While he was blowing some odd sounding tune he moved from side to side. The snake swayed too.

We thought the snake heard the music but afterwards the Indian told us that the snake was deaf and that it was charmed by the regular swaying of the instrument.

Talitha Fabricius, 4B

INDIFFERENCE

Careless crowds
Causing chaos
Crushing, cursing
Never caring
That I'm crying.

Hostile hoards
Hardly hearing
Harming, hating
Never heeding
How I'm hurting.

Selfish swarms
Seldom stopping
Sneering, scorning
Never seeing
That I'm sobbing.

Malicious mobs
Milling madly
Mocking, meddling
Never minding
That I'm moaning

Pompous people
Pausing proudly
Pointing, plaguing
Never pondering
Why I'm pining

Jostling, jeering
Prying, peering
Spurning, spiting
Feuding, fighting

Loathing, lying
But they never hear me crying.

Caroline Don

MERRIE ENGLAND

In bygone days when men wore wigs,
Those antedeluvian times.
They rode their horses, fought their wars,
Worked their womenfolk at many chores,
Then collected together to laugh and sing,
Drank their ale, let church bells ring,
That was Merrie England.

In modern days when men have curls,
These psychaedelic times.
When Beatles, Animals thrill the crowd,
With pleasing (?) combinations of sound so loud
The massing throng on Carnaby street,
Both men and girls the same, so sweet
This is Merry England.

Deirdre Butler, 4A

AFTER DAY

The vast sky is dark blue,
The trees are silhouettes against it;
A slight breeze comes forth,
All is quiet here -----
So far from the shops and fences.

Beneath the shady trees,
Living things have settled down to rest;
The hunted and the hunter both gone,
The sun lost in the west;
All is quiet here -----
All things are for the best.

Up in the sky the moon appears,
And shines on everyone;
The stars come out again at last,
Not all at once . . . but some;
All is quiet here -----
The long, long day is done.

Anne Cooke, 4A

THOUGHTS HAD WHILE SITTING IN BED

It is funny how the simplest things can suddenly give you a flash of insight. The other day, I was holding my sister's pet parakeet beside an open window. Regardless of the enchantment of outside, the bird continued to chew on my thumb. The point that I am trying to make is, the bird would content himself on one small portion of life when the acres of life passed him by. For him, life, and the world, was my thumb and he had no desire to search any further. So I was thinking that, perhaps, we too are like that. We concentrate on our own little life and end up isolating it from the rest of the world. This works in graduations, for the tiny child knows only his home and his school, the adolescent knows his town and the adult knows his province. The adult, even though he knows of more of his country and his world than the adolescent, he sees it from one viewpoint . . . his. Thus the world is always unbalanced because we tend to believe only our country's side. Communication will heal this gap. If the bird had been called by another one, he would have gone and abandoned his tiny world for that voice.

Windows are funny things. When you look through them a mere rectangle of glass, you see a much larger rectangle of outside. And if you peer to one side you can see further in that direction thus enlargening your outside. Yours is only as large as your view from that window. When you look out of the window, you cannot see the rest of the world unless you stretch your mind. Imagine being able to see the world's surface stretching out before you. To the change from the cold Arctic wastes to the humid sub-tropics is asking a lot. Even harder is to picture men from the north to the south, how they live, think and feel. Maybe if we could do this, we could understand one another. Communication could help this.

Clowns are invaluable humans to this world. I am not referring to the clown in the circus who wears baggy pants and has a white face, but to the individual, or individuals, who shed their self-pride to have other people laugh at him. A person, who by making a fool of himself, makes himself the brunt of his audience's scorn, laughter or anger. It often relieves a person to have a scapegoat on whom they can air their emotions, whether of anger or laughter. A clown ful-

fills this goal. Clowns are noble. They understand. They have not necessarily completed communication . . . they only recognize a need and try to remedy it.

Communication is a very big part of this world. Understanding is one of its biggest factors. For lack of understanding and communication, people kill, cripple or slander with their tongues. Man will sometimes say one thing and mean another, so that his fellow man will take him by what he says rather than what he is. Humans are so "hung-up" about revealing their souls to anyone. The only thing that can harm the soul is the tongue. When you think about it, the soul is protected by a shield, which is your body. This shield is vulnerable to stabs, cuts and bruises. Yet no matter how deep you stab the body, you will never reach the soul for it will flee before it is cut down. Housed in the soul is the personality and this can be hurt by the tongue. People rarely state how they feel for fear of scorn or they fall prey to their emotions and speak without thinking.

Music is a true form of communication, for without really saying anything, it arouses an emotion which is in everyone so they can identify with it and understand it.

Death is a funny thing. Everyone is somewhat afraid of it in one way or another. Some just do not want to die leaving their work unfinished. Others are afraid because they do not believe in God. The soul is only attached by slender threads to the body, and when death occurs, leaves the body. However just because your soul is protected by your body and it is your soul rather than your body that counts, it does not mean that you can defile your body.

Beds are beautiful objects. They allow you to separate yourself from the rest of the world. They content you and protect you. I suppose they remind our subconscious of the womb. They are an important part of our life because we spend one-third of our life in bed, and maybe most of our thinking is done there. It is said that death is like a long sleep but I think it is more like a bed . . . deep, warm, comfortable and life is like the rest of the day . . . always varying, good and bad. Lying in bed induces sleeping or thoughts, generally the former, so I shall close off my thoughts and try to sleep. Good night! .

by T. Wilgress, 6M

SPRING

When spring is come,
I know it has come,
Just looking out my window,
Because the beauty of the flowers,
With unmatched perfection of every petal
Wetted by the morning dew, seems
To enchant me.
How sweetly the birds sing,
Fluttering their wings to the morning breeze,
Which whispers through the branches, and
Meadows where it leaves the flowers, red, white,
And blue, so delicately behind, swaying
In the rhythm,
of the breeze.

Patsy Derrick, 4a

A POEM

Pussy, over there sitting on a wall,
Waiting for his young mistress to call.
With eye a-twinkling, nose a-twitching
Watching mistress sitting - stitching.
By and by a robin flies down,
Sits on the lawn acting like a clown.
This was too much for Pussy to stand,
He said "Get off, Get off this my land."
He lies on his tummy all a-quiver,
When mistress calls "Come for your lives",
He mutters fiercely "What a rotten crime,"
I'll get that robin another time.

C. Ashton, 4B

THE YANKEE SOLDIER

A cannon roared in the distance,
And the battle had begun,
There was a bold young yankee
Who rose and gripped his gun,
He followed a group of his comrades,
Into the depths of war,
But suddenly he began thinking
Of the things he'd done before,
He thought of the many men he'd killed
In the heat of many a fight,
He wondered if he could truly say
That what he'd done was right,
Why must we fight and kill he thought,
Why can't we live in peace,
Let's try and live like brothers,
And strive to make war cease,
Another roar in the distance,
And the war went raging on,
All through the days they fought and killed,
Until all sense was gone.

Jennifer Smart, 5B

TAKE MY HAND

The world had fallen around old Mr. Brand when the news of the accident had reached him. Emma, his dear wife and his son and daughter-in-law were tragically killed in an auto crash. It now seemed as if there was no one to listen to his dinner table politics and spend the long days and nights keeping him company. He was now too old to work on the farm alone, and the time came when a move to the city seemed mandatory. Perhaps the movement of people in their daily troubles would make his burden seem less heavy.

As he shuffled around his bedroom doing last-minute packing, the misty blue eyes fell upon a photograph of Emma. She was dressed in yellow as he had always remembered her, even in her youth. Yellow was such a sunny colour - as sunny as the one who had worn it. Looking out of the window to the acres of green rolling land that stretched before him, Mr. Brand saw Ben and Katy running through rows of corn and basking in the sunshine of youth, love, and freedom. There were also the days when Emma had sat with him on the old covered verandah and made an audience for the dancing sunbeams on the floorboards. Emma, with her jolly character, and with her knitting on her lap always knew when to stop her chatter and "do some thinking instead." There was a beautiful peace and a close unity with nature's blessings. Mr. Brand treasured the lazy, meditative hours with his wife by his side and his old pipe which he seldom lit because Emma said it gave his moustache a queer aroma. Besides, it probably wasn't very good for his health.

Then there would be tea and talk of the new litter of rabbits that had been reared behind the toolshed and of "how they wished Mrs. Adamson next door would remove her cat as a perpetual threat to the fishpond." Just then, Ben and Katy, hand in hand would saunter up the steps to liven up the conversation. After dinner the red sun would sink behind the cornstalks to the melody of Ben's guitar. All was put to sleep, except for the mosquitoes and Emma would come out of the house with that foul-smelling insecticide which she squirted all over him. No matter how

hot the night was, there was that glass of hot chocolate around the kitchen table before retiring, and then Mr. Brand "put the barnyard to bed" and stole a quick, pleasurable puff on his pipe. Emma could always tell what he had been up to, but she said nothing and merely held her breath when she kissed him goodnight.

Ben and Kate were both in university and were in their second year of "child psychology" and the many other philosophies that kept popping their heads into the suppertime political debates. Nights were spent deep in their books, so there was very little opportunity to broaden their social life. Their love was young and very real, and Ben and Kate were a joy around the farm. The long walks to town and back united their generations and their thoughts. What had they done wrong to deserve such an untimely end?

The suitcase was yawning in front of him and he lowered his eyes from the window's picture to survey the emptiness of the luggage. It was then that the fear that had haunted him for a month now came over him like a cold tide and he was forced to sit down on the edge of the bed to steady the shaky limbs. Life must go on; Emma could be so unhappy if she could see him this way. But if she only knew how lonely his heart felt and how naked the world seemed without the ones he loved. Gone was laughter, Sunday dinners, and the quiet evenings on the front porch. The city now looked so far away and so terrifyingly friendless.

He had been lost in the past for a long time when a small wail from the back bedroom roused him from thought with a jolt. Slowly he got up from the bed and walked down the hall. He bent over the small crib and softly said:

"Don't be afraid, little one - Grandpa's here and I'll bet you are wet and hungry."

A tiny hand reached out to take his finger and the crying hushed in this confidence:

"There's a girl Emma! We are not alone. Someone meant for us to keep each other company and there is a good life ahead - you'll see."

Cathy MacLaren, 6M

KING DAVID

David was born in Bethlehem, c 1085 B.C. He was the eighth and youngest son of Jesse of Bethlehem. The dark haired, bright eyed boy had been fetched from tending his father's sheep and brought before Saul. There he played upon the harp so sweetly that Saul was pleased and made this young lad his minstrel and armour bearer.

While still no more than a boy, he heroically defeated the giant Philistine, Goliath. He appeared in front of Goliath in simple rustic clothes and carried in his hand only a sling for casting stones. The giant cursed David and said to him, "Your flesh will surely feed the fowls." But David took a stone from his belt and with his sling, taking cautious aim, he sent the stone flying, hitting Goliath on the forehead and causing him to stumble and lie stunned on the earth. With Goliath's own sword, David then proceeded to hew off the giant's head.

This was only the beginning of David's fame. Afterwards, he became a warrior of Israel, and he and Jonathan, the king's son, were like brothers. But Saul's troubled spirit made him begin to suspect David and to be jealous of him. Therefore, David had to fight for his own crown. The struggle was hard and fierce, but victory eventually came.

In a brief time he was pronounced King over all Israel, having conquered the strong city of Jerusalem by means of underground tunnels. This city he made the capital of his kingdom. He sent for the Ark - the sacred symbol of God's blessing on Israel - to house it in the capital of Jerusalem. When it came he rejoiced and made a poem to the glory of the Eternal God whom he sought to serve throughout his lifetime.

Such was Israel's great poet king, a man profoundly conscious that the visible world had been made by an invisible power, a man whose greatest happiness was to contemplate the majestic grandeur of the Creator's work. Yet, there were moments when David was swept away in actions so cruel and degrading that we can scarcely bear to think of them.

Here is one example. Looking out one day from the palace he saw a woman whose face so pleased him that he desired to make her his wife. He sent for her and thus discovered that she was Bathsheba the wife of Uriah, a Hittite. In order that he might marry her he sent Uriah to Joab, who was the commander of his forces. David secretly told Joab to place Uriah in so prominent a position in the next battle so he would definitely be killed.

David's evil wish came true. Uriah fell dead before the enemies of David. Happy with his success, David married Bathsheba.

Natham in the Bible rebuked David who started up with a burning indignation. "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this will surely die." Then did the prophet, Natham say "Thou Art the Man."

David proclaimed, "I have sinned against the Lord." Natham then stated, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin. "The fact of David's sincere repentance, brought him once more into an understanding of God's purpose, which is salvation - that is to say, "a state of health." "While he sinned he was like a man deceased, directly he repented, David was a man restored to health." But punishment was to fall upon him. The child born to him by Bathsheba, sickened and pined and soon died. While this sickness was increasing David fasted and lay prone upon the earth in agony. He also besought God to let the young one live. But when the child did die, David no longer fasted but ate wholeheartedly. People immediately asked him why he did this. Accordingly David answered that while the child lived he could not tell what was God's purpose; but as

soon as the child was dead, God's will was made manifest.

From this time forward, the life of David is one of struggle, sorrow, trouble and misfortune. At one moment fortune smiles upon him. At the next, he is faced with misfortune and his soul sinks almost to the black and "muddy" bottom of despair.

So it was that sad and fateful day when the messenger came to David with news of his favorite son Absalom. The news was that Absalom had raised a rebellion against his own father, David, and wished even to kill his father so that he himself might become king.

Reluctantly, David allowed his troops to set out against his son, but he bade the commander deal gently with his young son Absalom. David won the victory. Absalom trying to escape for his life in a mule, had his long hair caught in the bough of a tree and was twitched off the mule's back and dangling in the air till Joab killed him. When the messenger of Joab reached David, the king was still waiting between the two gates of the city. "Tidings, my lord the king, for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them, that rose against thee." David inquired, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When David heard that death had come to his son, he went up into the chamber over the gate, and cried out, "O, my son Absalom, my son, my son, . . . "I would God I had died for thee O Absalom, my son,."

The result was war among the tribes of Israel. Evil befell Israel and "God appeared to veil His face." But David besought God to have mercy and continued faithful in his worship.

When David was an old man, his son, Adonijah rose against him, proclaiming himself King of Israel. However David declared that Solomon his other son, should be King and Solomon was anointed King then and there. Thus peace was made.

David managed to produce and gather costly materials and plans for a temple to be built by Solomon, to the honour and glory of the Lord. The actual building of the temple he left to Solomon.

And David, old and dying, spoke in his last breath of the glory of the Eternal God. His once bright eyes dimmed by the mists of death, he uttered once more the immortal strain of his soul and spoke of God's powers. On the edge of his grave, he was fired by the very thought of the Eternal God.

This shepherd boy, fighter, poet, musician, eager seeker after the true meaning of life, this passionate adorer of the everlasting Power behind all things, was one of the many great men always to be remembered.

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power, and the victory and the majesty; for all that is in heaven is Thine."

He died in 1015 B.C. No matter what happened David continued to try harder to improve his life. When he fell, he rose again. But why is it that we still honour the name of this man and read with gratitude his songs? (Song of the Bow) The answer to this is in David's charm. He confessed his sins, he bitterly regretted them, he never ceased to fight against them. "The greatest of all sins is to be conscious of none." David was no hypocrite. He knew his faults, his wretchedness, his sinfulness. He named them in his songs "He confessed them to all nations and to all ages", he exhibited himself before the eyes of the whole world in his true colors. But David wanted earnestly to be better.

Indeed, he was no hypocrite but a great man always to be cherished in everyone's heart.

David was the faithful and loving man immortalized in Michelangelo's great statue "David".

Sarah Whitwill, 5C

NEW YEAR'S EVE

There were just three of us that evening: Granny, Grandpa and myself. Left on our own - my parents and elder sisters had dashed off an hour ago to a New Year's Eve party amid the swish of long skirts and wafts of perfume - we had settled down before the electric fire with respective sighs of content and envy. The house was quiet except for Grandpa's snores and the regular click of Granny's knitting needles. I was busy nursing my wounded pride - "But you're not old enough to go, darling. Next year perhaps." - and planning my ball gown for next year winter with such imagination and daring that I would make everyone realize that I was no longer a little girl, but now a young woman.

Drifting back to the present, I lazily glanced about the darkened room. It was bathed in soft red and orange tints, which reflected from the ever crisply burning appliance in the grate. It was peculiar, I mused, that Gran and Gramps didn't seem to mind missing the social event of the year. They were quite content to sit placidly at home and take care of me. I knew they enjoyed such affairs once. It must have been wonderful to see . . . My now racing imagination immediately envisioned Gramp's definitely rotund contours into something a trifle more slim and youthful. His cloud-white hair, still thick and unruly, suddenly darkened to the rich brown of many forgotten years ago. The wrinkles and lines imposed through cares and worried resolved, leaving a

smooth, freshly shaven countenance and his clothes, although I had never seen the like, were conjured from paintings and stories. 'A fine young gentleman', I heard him assure himself as he smoothed the last disobedient curl under the velveteen ribbon which bound back his queue. Truthfully, I would never have recognized him as he stood patiently at the foot of the long staircase in my grandmother's home. And then, she came. Just an impression of fragrant pink and white floated down the stairs and performed a deep, gracious curtsy at his shining buckled shoes. As she straightened, with a giggle I could see my mother's radiance and gaiety, one generation removed. Her cloak swept about her, they turned together and were gone, the great door crashing closed behind their lightly tapping footsteps.

The dream ended and I glanced again at my grandmother's face, careworn though it was, and not surprisingly, I could still recognize in it the joyful maid, many seasons older.

Later on, after hot tea and biscuits, plodding slowly upstairs, gratefully clutching a hot water bottle, I concluded that it had been a wonderful evening, and I silently thanked my grandparents - who could scarcely know what pleasure they had brought me.

Margaret Bagnall, 6U

Time magazine stated in a recent essay that this age of the effluence of affluence was threatening its own existence because of waste. In a similar way, the teeny-bopper is becoming a serious threat to the longevity and security of our civilization.

That once rare and short-lived breed of homo sapiens, viz, the teeny-bopper, has in recent years made incredible progress. It was only a few meagre years ago that I myself fell into that dreaded category. Then, it was an existence of radios, record-players, mixed-parties- for-the-first-time, skin-tight blue jeans, and sidewalk surfing. It was a time of fanatic togetherness with one's friends, trying to find security and individualism in a ludicrously insecure and stereotyped conformity. It was a transition period between childhood and adolescence, a "stage" which adults had sermonized upon for years before those "painful years" which they had warned us would be so difficult, but once there we fooled ourselves into believing they were the best we had ever known. Surely they were the best we had ever known: every minute brought a new facet of funs, a new thrill of excitement. But once past the thirteen-fourteen age limit, who could ever wish to relive those years-the years which, when reminisced, only bring back memories of fright, fear, and manic-depressive psychosis. Under the guise of enjoying this policy of collectivism - where everyone in the group does exactly the same thing because, "aw gee, mom, X is allowed to, why can't I? ..." - subconsciously all were developing different personalities and striving to become individuals. It is this unnoticed mental conflict and growth which will ultimately mold the true character and will start to ask the questions of identity in the later teens. Inevitable it is therefore, that when the teeny-bopper finally reaches the "mature age of sixteen" and can assert his own rights as a normal teenager, he will often condemn those younger than him for their unoriginality and fickleness, yet seldom realize that he too was such a monster not long ago.

Realizing my own vulnerability in that definition of hypocrisy, I am in no position to criticise the teeny-bopper for what he is or what he does. What I am beginning to question, however, is his increasing significance in society today.

Things have changed. In a few, short years teeny-boppers have acquired so much power and status in their rapidly-multiplying ranks, that were I to be that age now, all over again, I would feel as comfortable in their environment as a Kangaroo at the north pole. Surely this is that cliched hang-up known as the "generation gap" when the older teenager cannot believe the progress attributed to be that such thrilling luxuries as dances and mixed-parties were well-earned rewards when one reached the emancipated age of thirteen. Now mixed-parties, going steady, and interest in the opposite sex are natural occurrences in as low down on the public school level as grades five and six. That is where the real pity lies, I think. In amassing power and strength, the teeny-bopper has attracted younger and younger followers to his "cause". As the teeny-bopper gains more and more freedom, the child of ten or eleven, who tags along, is thrown headlong into a rough and ruthless world. Doctors can say that the human body matures at an earlier age now, but the psychiatrist will not necessarily agree that the mind is maturing at a similar growth rate. How then can a child of ten or eleven begin to cope with or even understand the problems that should be left only to the questioning of older adolescents? Teeny-boppers are travelling at break-neck speed, and with their eyes shut. Someone has to apply the brakes soon, or society will suffer. - for it is the society that is to blame. Perhaps "blame" is too strong a word; perhaps it is nobody's fault that the world has advanced more in this century than its entire previous existence. In the name of progress many of the old ideas have been thrown impulsively out of the window, and the teeny-bopper has reaped many benefits from the new wave of ideas flood-

ing the mind of modern man. But even though the world appears to be making such great strides in the name of progress, it is certainly debatable whether the teeny-bopper's advances are "most progress or most failure".

It used to be that the crime for parents to look out for in their pre-adolescent children was smoking. Now the teeny-bopper can easily get his hands on alcohol and drugs as well. So the crime rate goes up among this age-group: stories of teenage theft, vandalism, and violence are becoming common fact. The suicide statistics for the ten-fourteen age bracket have soared incredibly in the past few years causes being attributed to the growing number of unhappy back-grounds, broken homes, and pregnancies among young unmarried girls. The "yorkvilles" across Canada and the U.S. are being invaded more and more by this younger set, often forcing the older "dedicated" hippie to find himself another haven safe from the stranglehold of the teeny-bopper.

Investigation bureaus for missing persons are continually receiving reports of children running away from home.

"What does it all mean? It means that the teeny-bopper can become bored and disenchanted with life too. It means that he has to go to extremes to find amusement to fill his time. And it means that unless we can find other amusement to fill his time than the "kicks" mentioned previously, the teeny-bopper could become a dangerous problem both for his parents and for society.

He will be the voting citizen of tomorrow, but right now he is the lucrative target on the buying market. Today even the politician has to consider their influence, since the teeny-boppers are the ones who have the energy to campaign for him and the authority to nominate him. The teeny-bopper has the almost unlimited energy- why not exploit it and put him to use? I am not overlooking the fact that many young teenagers do make valuable contributions, but I don't think anyone realizes the infinite amount of useful potential to be tapped here. The ideal solution to the problem of the teeny-bopper is education; i.e. going to the very roots of the problem and completely overhauling the whole system of education, starting at grade one. Kindergarten should be abolished - it is a useless waste of time and money. Children should be taught to read and write at the age of four, and from there on it should be high-gear education all through primary school. The pre-adolescent period of development is one of amazing cranial expansion, and therefore the most ideal time to fuse languages, mathematical skill and scientific knowledge into his absorbent mind. This intense, pressurized type of education will give him no time to be bored or to let other people persuade him he is "unhappy with life", "depressed", or whatever other cliché they prefer. Instead of transmitting and receiving an average of five-and-a-half hours per day of television's mesmerising garbage, 'Video-Boy' should be taught to use his leisure time constructively - either reading or using his imagination to make things with his own hands. By the time he has finished primary school, he should have read most, if not all, of the Classics, so that by the time that he is mature enough to enter high school, he will have had a good grounding for this his second phase of education. Now as he is approaching adulthood, the mechanical drilling of education can be slowed down giving him time to think, to question, and to answer. He will have gone through the emotionally unbalancing stage of the teeny-bopper so occupied with learning, that now when he is older and more intelligent, he will be able to better understand the problems of becoming an adult.

As smog is a by-product of this age of the effluence of affluence, so too is the teeny-bopper a by-product of a racing and all too often thoughtless society. Both must be studied, and controlled, and purged of their threats to civilization.

Jane Blyth, 6M

SHORT STORY

She sidled coyly into the bar. He saw her the moment she entered. Her platinum curls were freshly brushed and they shimmered around her face in the subdued light. She moved daintily across the room. Her slim little body rippled with every step. Her tiny hips and slim legs were in perfect proportion. Her large dark eyes glowed with love and affection as soon as she saw him.

His heart began to pound and he could feel his breathing become more rapid. Was she looking at him? Was he the object of her search?

As she hesitated her diamonds glittered momentarily. She was a beautiful picture, perfectly formed. She seemed to recognize him and move towards him. She flung herself upon him. His arms embraced her as she kissed him warmly and he could feel her well manicured nails dig into his arm. For a moment he was overcome with love for her and forgot everything but the fact that she was in his arms. Suddenly he realized how unsuitable their behaviour was and reluctantly he pushed her away. "Not here, he whispered, go home and wait", but he was too late, the bartender was already approaching. "Sorry, mister, but you'll have to take that poodle out of here. No dogs allowed. Regulations, you know."

Martha Pimm, 5A

A PARACHUTE JUMP

I have always wanted to jump with a parachute, from a helicopter or something. My chance came last week. How excited I felt! I went into the helicopter - you should have seen it! It had huge furry seats and different kinds of seat belts. The men were so kind. I got changed into an orangy-yellowish suit. zzz-rrr-zzz-rrr-zzz off we went. You could not hear the noise you hear outside, inside.

I found a perfect spot to jump from. Before the pilots could warn me that it was the most dangerous place to jump from I had gone. They were sure something would happen to me. To their astonishment, I had landed safely. I became famous for that jump. It's so nice to succeed on your first try, isn't it?

Ranjana Basu, 3A

I'M A LIBRARY BOOK

Being a library book isn't easy at all, you know. All sorts of people have handled me. I have been stepped on, thrown about, cried over and I have even had a dunking. I'm rather old and my layers of skin are all brown with flies and holes (in me). But when I was just born (out of) a factory I was crisp, stiff, white, good smelling and very clean, lots of people wanted to read me, but now that I'm old almost everyone knows about me and has forgotten about me, but I still stay tucked away in someone's memory.

Luziah Ismail, 4C

AN IMPRESSION OF EXPO '67

People - people all around me, of all nationalities, colours and creeds, in sober suits, flowing saris, or equally flowing hair, beards and beads, in short minis and long eyelashes over eyes sliding flirtatiously sideways at the guard. All too often they were all in front of me, it seemed, queuing up for the same thing. But what sights we saw! Towering buildings of abstract and impossible designs that can never become completely familiar to us, however much we see of them. Colours, exploding vividly around us - a three-storey building of orange and red, a gleaming white tower, purple tracery of mosaics - bring the sights of far-distant lands. Inextricably intermingled with the sights are the smells, exotic and exciting in some instances, prosaically cotton-candy in others. Inside the pavillions of wonder, the sense of sound envelops us in music and noise unlike anything else, (except some of the rock-bands of today). Thrillingly appropriate, it adds to the awe of the entire scene - a mirror of the world to-day and to-morrow.

Margaret Thomas, 6 Upper

STAR OF PROMISE

A bright star shone high in the northern sky and smiled down on a tiny child, solemnly sitting on a boulder, tying her shoelace. She had been told by an irate "Mammy" that no supper was to be had unless she tied the shoelace, which continually caused trouble. Tonight her tiny, square feet had upset a pail of water, because an untied shoelace had tripped her up. Stubby fingers fumbled helplessly with the pieces of rag, which were her laces. Daddy had always managed to make a bow of them, and sometimes he would dip them in the remainder of his coffee to darken their color, to match the shabby brown shoes. Daddy loved her, she was sure, but he had gone away one day and left her his worn leather bible. Bess was puzzled because Mammy had said he would never come back.

At last, looking down, Bess smiled sadly at the lacing she had done. The yellowish rag had been re-threaded through all the knife-cuts and pushed down at the farther end, over her bare toes.

Without intention, Bess' eyes were drawn towards the northern star. "I have things in the store for you", it said, and with that Bess felt it caress her heart.

Jacqueline Heard, 5B

NATURE'S WAY OF EASTER

Easter is a time when trees start sprouting and giving off their daily fragrances. I awake to a new world where birds chirp a merry little tune and the flowers begin to bloom. Often in spring I like to take a stroll and just think of who gave us all the creations of Nature's wonderland. I have four younger brothers who think of Easter as a time of the Easter bunny and don't realize what is going on round about them. I don't take Easter just nature wise, but as Jesus' rising from the dead. You can feel the cool, brisk wind blowing against the tall, green evergreens, you can almost hear it whispering to mother nature. The tall, cool waves slap-dash against the rocks as if they were taking their daily shower. On this day of tranquility it seems as though the long green branches were praying, and the wind is whispering a holy prayer, and the birds are singing a Easter hymn. Many times I think the garden of Gethsemane was a very appropriate spot to bury Christ with its Easter lilies and daffodils blooming in the cool spring air. The animals roam the countryside seemingly bringing the good news that Christ our Lord has risen from the dead, and even the domestic animals turn wild. Some people like to fill their baskets with glorious-scented flowers. The crabs swim in the abandoned waters. It seems, I guess, that nature casts me into a heavenly sort of spell. I suppose I will go on loving nature even if the sun stops rising and setting. There is always more to be explored.

Valentia Scarabelli, 4B

THE TUMBLEWEED

It is like a tumbleweed.
What is like that terrible weed?
The world, my boy, the world
Is all tangle and cannot be unfurled.

Haven't you heard that when the wind blows,
Even at the slightest breeze, off it goes;
Rolling and bobbing through grass and rocks,
Stopping at nothing until the wind looks?

A slightest spark will create a conflagration,
Which will flash and roar to complete devastation.
Can't you picture this resemblance in your mind?
A terror that can ruin all of mankind.

Susan Massey, 5A

THE DAGGER'S REPLY TO MACBETH

It's true I am a dagger that you see
Would you prefer my BLADE toward your hand?
Quick, clutch me 'ere I fall to the earth;
The prop strings in this place are none too strong.
I am most sensible, (I ask -- are you?)
And sensitive to daggers of your tongue:
I false? My mettle is quite pure.
My heart is gold; I am a jewel
Unto the hilt. If you be heat-oppressed
My lord, then pity those who watch you from the pit!
Of course thou seest me still -- I like this scene;
But sheath that kitchen knife that thou hast drawn.
Use me to do thy work, and I will swear
Thou'll save the Bard a lot of tedious lines
Wherein thou'ldst otherwise regret.
. . . . Thine eyes alone are fools? - thou art part Englishman
To draw such understatement here.
The blood you see is but one of my tricks - -
I have a bag of them to play you false.
But man, assert yourself, dismiss me quick,
And banish me from thy most dreary Speech.
'Tis thee, O Glamis of euphistic vice.

Victoria Nicholson, 6M

AN IMPRESSION OF EXPO '67

A small Vietnamese child, disfigured and burnt, lay crying in a makeshift hospital bed. A Chinese girl stood naked on the street, her stomach bloated from the effects of starvation. In Detroit a white man staggered and fell as he was knifed by a negro in a dark alley. Jacqueline Kennedy, heavily veiled, sobbed uncontrollably after the burial. A mass of Jewish bodies lay in a pit after a Nazis gunning. I left the horrors of the Christian Pavillion and entered a world of spendor - - a progressing world, a carefree world, and most of all, a happy world. But I could not forget the other half of the world struggling desperately for survival.

Peggy Harcourt, 6 Upper

ACT FOUR SCENE 1

Hecate's science lab
Thunder and lightning
Enter nineteen witches

Form captain: Thrice the morning bell has rung,
Thrice and once has Liza barked
Mrs. John cries, "Tis time! 'Tis time! "

Witches: Round the teacher's desk we go
In the poisoned oxide throw.
Sizzling methane in the cup,
Your covalent bonds break up.

All: Homework double, toil and trouble,
Blue flame burn and beaker bubble.

Witches: Yellow sulphur, crumble, break,
In the beaker, boil and bake.
Spoon of chlorine and argon
Mix with 02 silicon.
For confusing work and trouble,
Like a school broth, boil and bubble.

All: Homework double, toil and trouble,
Blue flame burn, and beaker bubble.

Witches: To a strip of grey Mg
Add a whif of NH3
Crystal solids, grams of mass,
Vapor pressure, burning gas,
Changing volume, Px V,
Protons, bonding energy . . .
Now CO is boiling quicker
In the bowels of our beaker.

All: Homework double, toil and trouble,
Blue flame burn and beaker bubble.

Hecate: Cool it on the test-tube stand.
Do not touch it with your hand! ! (Pause)

All: By the thumping on the stairs
Something nosy this way dares.

Enter two apparitions:
A janitor and a spotted dog.
Elizabeth Tanczyk, 6 Matric

TO CONQUER AND TO WIN

Jesus fasted for forty days,
And forty nights as well,
And then the devil tempted Him
With evil straight from hell.

"Stones can be made into bread," he said;
"And this you ought to do;"
But Jesus sadly shook his head
And said, "Away with you."

Our Saviour did this for us
That we might never sin;
For us he kept a sacred Lent,
To conquer and to win;
Shareen Marland, 4A

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Look down the hallway
See the reflection of the
Street lights on the carpet.
And the stillness of the
Dark in the den.

Try to get something
on the radio
But just a confusion
Of stations trying to be
listened to.

Look out the window;
See the purity of the
Night waiting to be
Shuffled the next day.

Look down the hallway
To my bedroom
Sleep is the only permanent peace,
For tomorrow I'll have to
Run again, like the others.
Judy Levine, 5A



EITHER HE'S A VULTURE
OR HE'S A PREFECT

HEAD MISTRESS' CLOSING ADDRESS

Mr. Chairman, Mrs. Wadds, parents, grandparents, guests and girls of Elmwood.

You are most warmly welcomed. For some of you this must be your 9th closing. For some it is your first. Today we say goodbye to many friends and we wonder what we shall do without you. We also greet many of you who last September were parents of new girls. They themselves can hardly believe now that they were once so new and I hope that you too feel just the same. Our special greetings go to Mrs. Wadds, our guest speaker. Her daughter, Nancy, is graduating today after 5 years at Elmwood. We shall miss Nancy very much and are most grateful, Jean, that you can spare time from your busy election campaign to come to us this morning. Just before I left home, I received a telegram from Mrs. Buck from Bristol, England "Wishing you a very successful closing. Love" Edith Buck.

The past year has been lively and different. The addition of 22 girls in our new Grade 13 has increased the enrolment to approximately 160 - 110 in the High School, 50 in the Junior School. The additional space created when the boarding-school was closed has given us room, although some grades have bulged and we are always aware that a class of 20 is an ideal limit. The teacher:pupil ratio is 1:9. Our Grade 13 girls have had the advantage of tutorial classes with Mrs. Whitwill whose wise and scholarly guidance as their form mistress and English and History teacher has done much to help them win honours for Elmwood. We are very pleased to tell you that out of the class of 22 students, 17 have obtained Early Admission to the Universities of their choice - that is, they have been accepted on their Grade 12 and Christmas 1967 standing. Margaret Thomas is especially to be congratulated on winning the Reginald R. Faryon Scholarship to Trent University. Subject to the permission of the Ontario Department of Education, 19 of these students have obtained their Secondary School Honours Diploma, 4 with averages of 80 per cent and over which should entitle them to Ontario Scholarships. We expect all these successful Grade 13 students to have places at University next September.

Trent seems to be the favourite University for our new Grade 13 perhaps because it is small, like Elmwood, and also has a tutorial system, and perhaps because the students wear green gowns. But we shall also be represented at Queens, Toronto, Western, McGill, Carleton, Ottawa, Ryerson, Parsons School of Design, New York, Sir George Williams, and The Civic Hospital.

Our Grade 12 has also done well and we have applied to the Department for 22 Ontario Secondary School Graduation Diplomas. Nine of this class have averages of 75 per cent and over, several having written off their Grade 13 French and Latin with 1st Class Honours. Out of a total of 238 papers written in Grades 12 and 13, only four were failed. Although, of course, we now set and correct all our own examinations our standard is checked by Departmental tests. Vicky Nicholson scored 99 per cent in both English and Mathematics S.A.T.O. 's this year. M. Thomas scored 99 per cent in English at the Grade 13 level.

Examinations, however, are now taking second place to daily work and in our new system of assessing your daughter's final year's results (from Grade 4 - 13) only 35 percent of the total marks are given for exams. The remaining 65 per cent is computed from frequent testing, written work, oral contribution and class behaviour. So we have said goodbye, I hope, to cramming and useless memorization as well as to examination nerves and have welcomed instead consistent work-habits, an intelligent approach to learning and the recognition of motivation as an essential part of success. Some of the girls are not yet used to this new approach to education, but I believe that next September they will settle down at the beginning of term quite earnestly. It is the 3 - weekly average-reading that now counts for a great deal.

This year has been different also because we have joined with Ashbury for some subjects at the Senior Level. We have decided next year to continue the policy in a limited way. Mr. Joyce has kindly offered us facilities for Grade 13 Chemistry, Physics and Maths, and we have offered Grade 13 Latin and Biology. We are planning to teach French and Maths A ourselves. Our sincere thanks go to Mr. Marland for his Mathematics classes for our girls this year. They have done well and I hope have "done him proud". It was also fun to hear the Gilbert & Sullivan strains reverberating round the school for at least 6 months before the "PINAFORE" performances. Such a pleasure to hear booming bass and tenor in our halls and I hope that Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Harwood Jones will consider another performance next year, as they are both very talented and have nerves of iron.

The joint school bus is another asset and will run again next year on an improved schedule. To be able to bring girls to Elmwood from so many districts of Ottawa has meant that we have become less parochial and more open to our community at large. Sometimes I think that it would be easier for many of you if we could grow wings and land somewhere near the Parliament Buildings, but then I look out of my window at the girls playing on the grass, or sitting round their teacher, or tumbling on the mats, all outside in the fresh air, all in our beautiful grounds, and I know how lucky they are. Even in the long winter they go sliding and tobogganing up and down our little hills and learn to figure-skate on the rink under Mrs. Judy Reid's kind direction.

In our time of increasing urbanization where it is predicted that we shall soon be living in a world of one great sprawling city, your children are writing and talking like this:

"Happiness is waking very early and walking alone, through the wet, green morning it is the blue of a robin's egg, a secret shared by none and the soft, white closeness of a snow laden field that has been created solely for the purpose of being rolled on."

(Paula Lawrence)

I am told by kind friends quite often that Elmwood girls look happy. Much of their happiness is, I think, because they are healthy. Some of it, I would like to think, is because they have a warm relationship with their parents and teachers and with each other and because it is rather normal here to enjoy learning and to want to do well. But their health is very important and for that reason they they have lively physical education classes every day and Mrs. Earle's good food at lunch-time. However, we should caution you against girls dieting without a doctor's permission and against a too easy use of aspirin and the affiliated drugs. We also urge that they take exercise out of school by walking or cycling, for example, and keep in mind that an excessive carbohydrate diet makes for a pear-shaped figure. We also notice that some girls are often sleepy, especially on Monday mornings and all day on Fridays (so that the week looks like being reduced to a 3 day affair) and urge that they get proper rest, that their TV and telephoning is limited to the week-ends and that they get to bed early on Sunday night. Under the new policy of assessing their year's progress they cannot afford to be tired in school.

We are losing only three members of our staff next year. Mrs. John goes with her husband to London, Ontario, and takes with her painstaking care of our new lab. We shall miss her beautiful saris, too. Dr. John Kaitell is coming to teach Science throughout the High School and Maths A to Grade 13. Born in Nigeria, he was educated in Edinburgh, gained his Hons. B.Sc. in the United States and his doctorate in Mexico. He has his Quebec and Ontario High School Assts. certificates and was principal of Thurso Public School for two years. So we have a highly qualified and experienced teach-

er with some new and exciting ideas and methods. Mrs. LeGal has been posted with her husband to Spain. We shall miss her excellent French and her competent teaching. Au revoir, Madame. Her position will be filled by Mrs. Jill Teichman who has a B.A. in French from the University of Toronto. She is an attractive young teacher - she was Head Girl of Miss Edgar and Miss Cramp's School in Montreal - and will, I am sure, give Mrs. Ross good assistance. Mrs. Campbell has to leave us to look after her home. Her exciting seminars and her enthusiasm for Canadian poetry will be much missed. Grades 9, 10, and 11 English and some extra-curricular subjects will be taught by Miss Carol Blyth. Carol has her B.A. from Trinity College, Toronto, her High School Interim Assts. Certificate and 3 years teaching experience. She should be a lively addition to our young staff.

My thanks go to a loyal and hard-working teaching staff who care very conscientiously for your girls, not only in the academic sphere but also in all facets of their growing-up. It has, I think been a good year of personal relationship between the old and the young in our family. What will you remember, girls, about the people who looked after you at Elmwood in the year 1967-68? Mrs. MacMillan's and Mrs. Routcliffe's unfailing optimism that you can do Maths? Mrs. Ross' unfailing optimism that you can be bi-lingual in front of the boys? Miss Black's goodbye party at the end of your Junior School Days? Mrs. Aldous' sewing-machines and those pretty clothes you modelled yesterday? Mrs. Hyndman's portraits? Miss Carter's lovely legs? Many of you, I know, will want to thank our dear friend, Canon Bruce for coming to us every Tuesday so faithfully and Canon O'Driscoll for his lively Friday mornings when we have swung the new hymns so joyeously. (Now we think that we should all be the godmothers of that wonderful new baby). Our

special thanks go to Padre Barnett for his interest in Elmwood, his generosity in donating gifts to our library and in lending us this beautiful hall for our closing today. Padre, we should like to present to you to distribute to needy families our afgan blankets which we have knitted in our school colours and decorated with our house mottos. They come to you with our love. To all the staff of the Elmwood, academic, administrative and domestic, may I say a warm "thank-you".

It is with pleasure that we announce the winners of our scholarships:

The Elmwood Matric Entrance Scholarship has been won by Jacqueline Heard.

The Elmwood Open Entrance Scholarship into Grade 11 by Joanne Gross of Hillcrest School.

The Mothers' Guild Entrance Scholarship into Grade 9 by Anne Cooke.

Both Jackie and Anne have shown not only outstanding academic achievement, but also a splendid all-round interest in the life of the school. They have sung in the choir, acted in the plays, taken their part in sports, and in their house activities, and shown marked signs of leadership.

Deirdre Butler brought us the Crookshank Humane Society Trophy for the Rockcliffe Park area; of this we are very proud. It is also an honour for us that Deirdre Butler, Clare Heath, and Sally Sutton obtained their Common Entrance into British Schools. We wish British pupils every success and are sorry that they must leave Elmwood.

Today many girls will win prizes, not only for academic success but because they have shown merit in many other facets of school life. In awarding their prizes much has to be considered and the busy



Jane Archambault (Summa Summarum), Lucille Hodgins (Head Girl's Prize), Nancy Casselman (Headmistress' Prize), Susan Cohen (Philpot Token), Margaret Thomas (Gold Medal -Highest proficiency in 6 Upper).

days that are behind us now, came into focus as the staff and the prefects deliberated earnestly about the winners. We look back on a year that has been very full. There were Summer-reading essays to be written on the first day of term and new girls to be cared for; there was the Public Speaking Competition with such a deep interest in the underprivileged; there were letters from our adopted son, Sui Sang in Hong Kong; there was the Poetry Speaking Competition when we counted the ways she loved him so many times, but Bev loved best of all. There were the trips to Stratford and the French plays and the "Antigone", as well as to the Art Gallery and the Courthouse (once again thanks to Mrs. Homer Thomas). There was the Halloween party with costumes that get better every year; the Christmas plays and turkey supper; the thrill of our Ski-Team coming 2nd in the High School Ski Meet; the film on the Arlantic College in Wales; the Philosophy Club and the Debating Club and the Debating Club and the Gym Club, not to mention 5B's mock election when the N.D.P. won. And I haven't forgotten the "March for Millions" when you made \$2500.00 for the hungry of the world. I wish that you could all have prizes. If you do not come to the platform today, try to next year, but remember too that your promotion to a higher form is your reward for good work well done. Have a wonderful holiday, "where it is running, it is lovely, the hayfields high as a house" and may God be with you, all the summer long.

I have been told from time to time in the course of my work that children must grow up to be aggressive if they are to take their place in today's world. I have never agreed. The sad events of last week in the United States lead me to say to you today that aggressiveness is not the quality that this school promotes (and the female of the species can be as deadly with her tongue as a man with a gun). We take our stand on other qualities: gentleness, consideration for

others, broad-mindedness. We believe that "a soft answer turneth away wrath" because we have seen it working and proved its worth. We do not accept without reproval malicious gossip or the clique instinct and we are not interested in social snobbery. You have sent your precious daughters here to be prepared for a life in a world which is full of question marks and we are very aware of the turmoil of the times. Our lovely grounds and quiet atmosphere are not a reaction against the nuclear age. They are an attempt to build the only kind of character that will be worth while in this age, that of the woman, emptied of self-pity, who can give herself generously to others in sympathy and understanding: that of the woman who is secure in her own values and dares to maintain them in the face of much conflict. We have a discipline in our quiet halls - unlike many other schools - but it is not geared to an old-fashioned idea of etiquette; it is geared to training girls to be kind, tolerant, thoughtful and mindful of the whole community in which they live. Education is an empty word - a bag of wind - if it does not teach this. The top scholars know nothing if they do not know this. We believe that we are personally very privileged to be able to direct your girls' thinking towards this end and we appreciate the rare (and you know it is rare in our schools today) opportunity to be able to influence her development in the way that you too are trying to do at home. To this end we are not at all afraid to say "No". We have a standard of perfection below which, for the sake of the future of Canada, we cannot go, and your daughter, if she goes all the way with us in her school career, respects it deeply. It is better to say "No" now, than to regret later.

However, because the bringing up of young girls is not easy, as you know, I thought that I would share with you a little poem by Harold Munro which I came across the other day:



Jacqueline Heard (All-round contribution to school life),
Dawn Harwood-Jones (Ewing Cup for Character).

THE REBELLIOUS VINE

One day the vine
That clomb on God's own house
Cried, "I will not grow".
And, "I will not grow".
And, "I will not grow".
And, "I will not grow".
So God leaned out his head,
And said:
"You need not.. Then the vine
Fluttered its leaves, and cried to all the winds:
"Oh, have I not permission from the Lord?
And may I not begin to cease to grow?"
But that wise God had pondered on the vine
Before he made it
And, all the while it laboured not to grow,
It grew; it grew;
And all the time God knew.

Harold Munro

Before closing with a word or two to the graduates may I thank most sincerely those who have made this year such a good one: The Boards of Governors and Directors whose wise advice and help is invaluable; the Mothers' Guild whose generous gifts towards our library and prizes are appreciated by us all; and the Old Girls' Association whose loyalty, in spite of size, is so encouraging. Our special thanks go to Mr. Lever, the Superintendent of Education in the Ott-

awa area, for his interest and guidance. We are sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Lever are not able to be with us today. You may be interested to know that the Association of Headmistresses of Canada is meeting at Elmwood early in the New Year for its next conference. Our last one was in Montreal during EXPO, so this time we expect to be much more serious in our coast-to-coast-conversations, pooling our mutual ideas for the perfection of the private school in Canada, and giving some thought to the Hall Commission Report just published.

Now we have to say goodbye to our new class of 6 Upper graduates. We are very proud of the honours that you have won for your school and are delighted that you stayed at Elmwood to finish off your school-days where you were known and loved. Because you are our first girls for a long time to go into the first year of university, you are the spear-thrust of our reputation, our pioneers and our bright lamps. It is only as you come out the other end of your university career, that you will really prove the worth of your Elmwood education. Will all the care and the counselling and the academic training stand you in good stead when you come up against a much wider world - a world where new ideas and ways of behaviour are cascading into pools which up to now for you have been fairly calm? My belief is that because you have had this extra year at Elmwood you are wiser than you were last year and much better able to cope with your new life. If there is one gift which Elmwood has given you; I should like to think that it was the priceless gift of wisdom. The world needs your generous hearts, but it also needs, above all else, your sense of what is worthwhile and lasting and what is only a bubble on the stream. May God bless you and give you a "right judgment in all things". Come back often and tell us about your new and exciting life. You will always be most warmly welcomed.



Shareen Marland (Laidler Cup for Merit), Deirdre Butler (Southam Cup for Junior High Endeavour).

FLUTTER
FLUTTER



MONDAY MORNING?... OR... MONDAY MURNING?

PRIZES, JUNE 1968

FORM PRIZES

Awarded for the highest average for the year.

Form 3A - Ranjana Basu 80 percent.
 Form 4C - Barbara Coyne 84 percent.
 Form 4B - Viviane Templeton 93 percent.
 Form 4A - Deirdre Butler 95 percent.
 Form 5C - Deborah Coyne 95 percent.
 Form 5B - Jacqueline Heard 88 percent.
 Form 5A - Kathleen Mulock 93 percent.
 6 Matric - Jane Blyth 86 percent.
 6 Upper (2nd highest in form) Jane Archambault 85 percent.

PROFICIENCY STANDING

80 percent and over up to and including 5B
 75 percent and over in 5A, 6M and 6U

Form 3B - Rhoda Hanafi, Sheila MacIlwraith, Deirdre O'Driscoll.
 Form 4C - Sandra Kovachic 81 percent.
 Form 4B - Catherine Ashton 87 percent, Nicola Sims 85 percent,
 Clare Heath 84 percent, Stephanie Turner-Davis 84 percent, Anna Berlis 83 percent, Catherine Ginsbert 82 percent.
 Form 4A - Anne Cooke 94 percent, Alice Brodie 86 percent, Gwendy Morris 85 percent, Sally Sutton 85 percent, Alison Corder 83 percent.
 Form 5C - Diana Magee 90 percent, Sarah Whitwill 90 percent, Lynne Sampson 86 percent, Beatrice Hampson 85 percent, Christine Haase 82 percent, Judy Williams 82 percent, Jane Ginsberg 80 percent.
 Form 5A - Jennifer Bagnall 88 percent, Julia Berger 88 percent, Frances Wilson 86 percent, Charlotte Sinclair 82 percent, Martha Pimm 81 percent, Susan Massey 78 percent, Nancy Gale 76 percent, Deborah Smith 76 percent, Mary Margaret Southcott 76 percent, Barbara Thomas 75 percent.
 6 Matric - Angela Andras 84 percent, Caroline Davies 84 percent, Janet Hughson 80 percent, Paula Lawrence 80 percent, Cathy Maclaren 80 percent, Moira Phillips 80 percent, Elizabeth Tanczyk 78 percent.
 6 Upper - Katrina Walker 83 percent, Margo Frigon 81 percent, Susan Cohen 79 percent, Margaret Bagnall 78 percent, Jennifer Heintzman 77 percent, Lucille Hodgins 77 percent, Cynthia Magee 77 percent.

IMPROVEMENT

10 percent over last year's average.

Form 3B - Sheila MacIlwraith.
 Form 4A - Jane Nicholls.
 Form 5B - Judith Dyson, Jane White.
 Form 5A - Lynne Carr-Harris, Barbara Thomas.
 6 Matric - Dawn Harwood-Jones.
 6 Upper - Margaret Bagnall, Nancy Casselman, Susan Cohen, Cynthia Magee, Katherine Rothwell.
 JUNIOR PRIZE FOR EFFORT - Catherine Moore.
 JUNIOR PRIZE FOR PROGRESS - Isabel Douglas.
 JUNIOR DRAMA - Catherine Ashton, Stephanie Turner-Davis.
 INTERMEDIATE DRAMA - Janet Urie.
 SENIOR DRAMA - Evva Massey.
 JUNIOR SEWING - Deirdre Butler.
 INTERMEDIATE ART - Judith Dyson.
 SENIOR ART - Phyllis Kerr.
 SCRIPTURE - Form 3B, Sheila MacIlwraith, Form 3A, Christina Cole, Form 4C, Barbara Coyne, Form 4B, Valentia Scarabelli, Form 4A, Lesslie Ross, Form 5C, Diana Magee, Form 5B, Frieda Lockhart, Form 5A, Jennifer Bagnall.
 JUNIOR CHOIR - Anne Cooke.
 SENIOR CHOIR - Elizabeth Tanczyk.
 JUNIOR MUSIC - Sandra Kovachic.
 SENIOR MUSIC - Mary Margaret Southcott.
 MOTHERS' GUILD PUBLIC SPEAKING - Junior Junior - Rhoda Hanafi, Junior - Patsy Derrick, Intermediate - Deborah Grills, Senior - Xandy Smith.
 STRAUSS CUP FOR POETRY - Beverley Erlandson.
 POETRY SPEAKING - Intermediate - Jacqueline Heart, Junior - Sarah Cooper.
 INTERMEDIATE MATH & SCIENCE PRIZE - Sarah Whitwill.
 JUNIOR FRENCH PRIZE - Viviane Templeton.
 ROTHWELL 5C ENGLISH PRIZE - Ingrid Sorenson.

LAILDLER CUP FOR MERIT

Awarded to the girl who, not necessarily the highest in the form in studies or sports, has made her mark on the Junior School by her good character and her dependability. It is given to a girl who can be relied upon at any time, and is always helpful and thoughtful of others.

AWARDED TO: Shareen Marland.

SOUTHAM CUP FOR JUNIOR ENDEAVOUR - Awarded for the highest endeavour in all phases of school life in the Junior School. It is the equivalent of the Summa Summarum in the Senior School. It is given to the girl who best lives up to the ideals of Elmwood, who shows leadership, good standing in her class, keenness in sports, and friendliness and helpfulness to others in the school.

AWARDED TO: Deirdre Butler.

SPORTS AWARDS

Green Form Drill Cup - 5A, Nancy Gale.
Wilson Senior Sports Cup - Jennifer Bagnall.
Dunlop Intermediate Sports Cup - Jacqueline Heard.
Fauquier Junior Sports Cup - Beatrice Hampson.
Bantam Sports Cup - Anna Berlis
Symington Inter-House Basketball - Fry House Spts.Capt.-J. Bagnall.
Inter-House Volleyball - Keller House Spts.Capt. - L. Carr Harris.
Inter-House Sports Cup - Fry House Spts.Capt. - J. Bagnall.
Daniels Senior Badminton Singles - Nancy Casselman.
Jackson Senior Badminton Doubles - Nancy Casselman & Jennifer Heintzman.

Mather Intermediate Badminton Singles - Susan Michelson.
Intermediate Badminton Doubles - Deborah Grills & Vicky Wilgress.
Junior Badminton Singles - Shane O'Brien.
Junior Badminton Doubles - Tauny Nixon & Shane O'Brien.
Bantam Badminton Doubles - Ranjana Basu & Cathy Moore.
Fauquier Senior Tennis Singles - Evva Massey.
Wilson-Gordon Senior Tennis Doubles - Evva Massey & Kathleen Mulock.
Smart Intermediate Tennis Singles - Margaret Guthrie.
Intermediate Tennis Doubles - Beatrice Hampson & Lynne Sampson.
Physical Education Gold Medal - Jennifer Bagnall.
Maynard Sportsmanship Cup - Moira Phillips.

House Head Awards - Fry - Beverley Erlandson.
-Keller - Jennifer Heintzman.
- Nightingale - Katherine Rothwell.

Edith Buck Religious Knowledge Prize - Jane Blyth, Paula Lawrence.

Senior Latin Prize - Janet Hughson.

Senior Geography Prize - Cathy Maclaren.

Senior Matriculation Math Prize - Jane Archambault.

Matriculation Science Prize (Biology) Katrina Walker.

Matriculation History Prize - Margo Frigon.

Matriculation English Prize - Margaret Thomas.

Matriculation French Prize - Caroline Davies.

Firestone 5A Matriculation Latin Prize - Kathleen Mulock.

General Progress 6 Upper - Jennifer Heintzman.

Current Events - Martha Scott.

Old Girls' House Motto Prize:
Fry – “Friendship to All” - Jane White.
Keller – “Fair Play” - Lynn Carr-Harris.
Nightingale – “Not for Ourselves Alone” - Sally Gale.

WINNER: Sally Gale.

Graham Form Trophy - 4A - Form-captain - Alice Brodie.
House Trophy - Fry House.
Edward's Gold Medal For Good General Improvement - Elizabeth Greenberg.
All-Round Contribution to School Life - Jacqueline Heard.
Best Officer's Cup - Beverly Erlandson.
Ewing Cup for Character - Dawn Harwood-Jones.
Headmistress' Prize - Nancy Casselman.
Gold Medal - Highest Proficiency in 6 Upper - Margaret Thomas.
Philpot Token - Awarded to the girl who best maintains the spirit and ideals which, as well as a high standard of scholarship achievement in games, and charm of manner, may set her mark upon the school in the spirit of service, freedom and fair play.
AWARDED TO: Susan Cohen.
Head Girl's Prize - Lucille Hodgins.
Summa Summarum - Awarded to the Senior Girl who has tried most faithfully to live up to the ideals and best traditions of the school and who possesses the qualities of integrity, trustworthiness, the spirit of comradeship and the capacity to achieve.
AWARDED TO: Jane Archambault.

ELMWOOD ADDRESS LIST

1967-68

Andras, Angela, 6M, 124 Springfield Rd., Apt. 504.
Archambault, Jane, 6U, 783 Eastbourne Av.
Armitage, Margaret, 6M, 21A Elmdale Ave.
Arron, Shelley, 5B, 936 Mooney Ave.
Ashton, Cathy, 4B, 49 Birch Ave.
Ault, Christine, 6M, 204 Clemow Ave.

Babbitt, Deanne, 6U, 1236 Tara Drive.
Bagnall, Jennifer, 5A, Box 745, R.R.5, Ottawa.
Bagnall, Margaret, 6U, Box 745, R.R.5, Ottawa.
Baldwin, Katherine, 5A, 773 Lonsdale Rd.
Basu, Ranjana, 3A, 25 Woodridge Cres. Apt. 916.
Bell, Elizabeth, 4A, 26 Wick Cres.
Bell, Jane, 4B, Box 491, R.R.1, Ottawa.
Berger, Julia, 5A, 524 Acacia Ave. Rk. Pk.
Berlis, Anna, 4B, 724 Lonsdale Ave.
Blyth, Jane, 6M, 231 Buena Vista Rd. Rk. Pk.
Briscoe, Gillian, 4B, 1725 Riverside Dr.
Brodie, Alice, 4A, 69 Geneva St.
Brodie, Joan, 6U, 69 Geneva St.
Butler, Deirdre, 4A, 321 Cloverdale Rd. Rk. Pk.

Carr-Harris, Lynn, 6M, 33 Arundel Ave.
Casselmann, Nancy, 6U, 150 The Driveway, Apt. 113.
Cochran, Frances, 5B, 299 Hillcrest Ave. Rk. Pk.
Cochran, Markie, 5B, 299 Hillcrest Ave. Rk. Pk.
Coffin, Cynthia, 5C, 18 Mohawk Cres.
Cohen, Susan, 6U, 946 Killen Ave.
Cole, Christina, 3A, 336 Summit Ave.
Cooke, Anne, 4A, 471 Bloor Ave.
Cooper, Sarah, 4B, 67 Westpark Dr., Box 753, R.R.9, Ottawa.
Corder, Alison, 4A, 85 Range Rd., Apt. 610.
Corder, Charlotte, 4A, 85 Range Rd., Apt. 610.
Coyne, Barbara, 4C, 235 Mariposa Ave. Rk. Pk.
Coyne, Deborah, 5C, 235 Mariposa Ave. Rk. Pk.
Coyne, Jennifer, 5B, 235 Mariposa Ave. Rk. Pk.
Curran, Mary-Pat, 5C, 497 Mayfair Ave.
Cuthbert, Cathy, 5A, 2182 Arch St.

Damp, Carol, 4A, 1134 Cameo Drive.
Davies, Caroline, 6M, 580 Minto Place, Rk. Pk.
Deeble, Christine, 6M, 4 Desmond Ave.
Derrick, Patricia, 4A, 387 Ashbury Rd., Rk. Pk.
Don, Caroline, 5A, 12 1/2 Rothwell Drive.
Don, Felicity, 6U, Box 626, R.R.1, Ottawa.
Don, Rosemary, 6M, 12 1/2 Rothwell Dr. R.R.1, Ottawa.
Douglas, Isabel, 4A, 411 Third Ave.
Dunn, Monica, 4B, 382 Plumtree Cres.
Dyson, Judith, 5B, 31 Birch Ave.

Erlandson, Beverley, 6U, 103 Rideau Terrace.

Fabricius, Talita, 4B, 240 Sandridge Rd.
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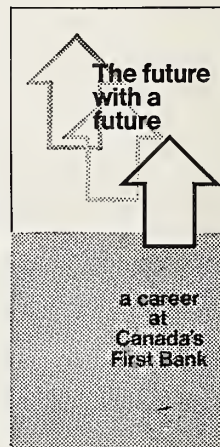
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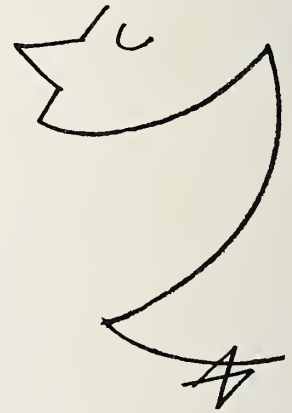
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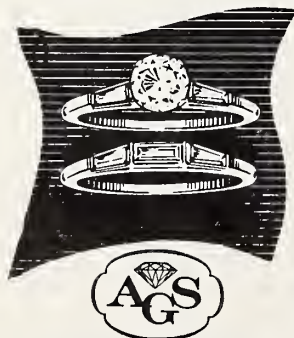
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